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JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SAURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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CHAPTER I.

"Paul!" The young man started, and a delicate flush mantled his handsome face, as he turned to the lady who had pronounced his name in a tone slightly indicative of surprise.

"Ah! Mrs. Denison," was his simple response.

"You seem unusually absent-minded this evening," remarked the lady.

"Do I?"

"Yes."

"You have been observing me?"

"I could not help it—for every time my eyes have happened to wander in this direction, they encountered you, standing in the same position, and looking quite as much like a statue as a living man."

"How long is it since I first attracted your attention?" inquired the person thus addressed, assuming an indifference of manner which it was plain he did not feel.

"If I were to say half an hour, it would not be far wide of the truth."

"Oh, no! It can't be five minutes since I came to this part of the room," said the young man, whose name was Paul Hendrickson. He seemed a little annoyed.

"Not a second less than twenty minutes," replied the lady. "Your thoughts must have been very busy thus to have removed nearly all idea of time."

"They were busy," was the simple reply. But the low tones were full of meaning.

Mrs. Denison looked earnestly into her companion's face for several moments before venturing to speak farther. She then said, in a manner that showed her to be a privileged and warmly interested friend,

"Busy on what subject Paul?"

The young man offered Mrs. Denison his arm, remarking as he did so,

"The other parlor is less crowded."

Threading their course amid the groups standing in gay conversation, or moving about the rooms, Paul Hendrickson and his almost maternal friend sought a more retired position near a heavily curtained window.

"You are hardly yourself to-night, Paul. How is it that your evenly balanced mind has suffered a disturbance. There must be something wrong within. You know my theory—that all disturbing causes are in the heart."

"I am not much interested in mental theories to-night—am in no philosophic mood. I feel too deeply for analysis."

"On what subject, Paul?"

A little while the young man sat with his eyes upon the floor; then lifting them to the face of Mrs. Denison, he replied.

"You are not ignorant of the fact that Jessie Loring has interested me more than any maiden I have yet seen?"

"No; you have already confided to me that secret."

"The first time I met her, it seemed to me as if I had come into the presence of one whose spirit had some hidden affinities with my own. I have never felt so strangely in the presence of a woman as I have felt and always feel in the presence of Miss Loring."

"She has a spirit of finer mould than most women," said Mrs. Denison. "I do not know her very intimately; but I have seen enough to give me a clue to her character. Her tastes are pure, her mind evenly balanced, and her intellect well cultivated."

"But she is only a woman."

Mr. Hendrickson sighed as he spoke.

"*Only* a woman! I scarcely understand you," said Mrs. Denison gravely. "*I* am a woman."

"Yes, and a true woman! Forgive my words. They have only a conventional meaning," replied the young man earnestly.

"You must explain them, as referring to Jessie Loring."

"It is this, only. She can be deceived by mere appearances. Her eyes are not steady enough to look through the tinsel and glitter with which wealth conceals the worthlessness of the man."

"Ah! you are jealous. There is a rival."

"You, alone, can use those words, and not excite my anger," said Hendrickson.

"Forgive me if they have fallen upon your ears unpleasantly."

"A rival, Mrs. Denison?" The young man spoke proudly. "That is something I will never have. The woman's heart that can warm under the smile of another man, is nothing to me."

"You are somewhat romantic, Paul, in your notions about matrimony. You forget that women are 'only' women."

"But I do not forget, Mrs. Denison, that, as you have so often said to me, there are true marriages, in which the parties are drawn towards each other by sexual affinities peculiar to themselves: and that a union in such cases, is the true union by which they become, in the language of inspiration, 'one flesh.' I can enter into none other. When I first met Jessie Loring, a spirit whispered to me—was it a lying spirit?—a spirit whispered to me—'the beautiful complement of your life!' I believed it on the instant. In that I may have been romantic."

"Perhaps not!" said Mrs. Denison.

Hendrickson looked into her face steadily for some moments, and then said,

"It was an illusion."

"Why do you say this, Paul? Why are you so disturbed?—Speak your heart more freely."

"Leon Dexter is rich. I am—poor!"

"You are richer than Leon Dexter in the eyes of a true woman—richer a thousand fold, though he counted his wealth by millions." There was a flashing in the eyes of Mrs. Denison.

Hendrickson bent his glance to the floor and did not reply.

"If Miss Loring prefers Dexter to you, let her move on in her way without a thought. She is not worthy to disturb, by even the shadow of her passing form, the placid current of your life. But I am by no means certain that he *is* preferred to you."

"He has been at her side all the evening," said the young man.

"That proves nothing. A forward, self-confident, agreeable young gentleman has it in his power thus to monopolize almost any lady. The really excellent, usually too modest, but superior young men, often permit themselves to be elbowed into the shade by these shallow, rippling, made up specimens of humanity, as you have probably done to-night."

"I don't know how that may be, Mrs. Denison; but this I know. I had gained a place by her side, early in the evening. She seemed pleased, I thought, at our meeting; but was reserved in conversation—too reserved it struck me. I tried to lead her out, but she answered my remarks briefly, and with what I thought an embarrassed manner. I could not hold her eyes—*they fell* beneath mine whenever I looked into her face. *She was evidently ill at ease.* Then it was, (with this self-confident Leon Dexter came sweeping up to us with his grand air, and carried her off to the piano. If I read her face and manner aright, she blessed her stars at getting rid of me so opportunely."

"I doubt if you read them aright," said Mrs. Denison, as her young friend paused. "You are too easily discouraged. If she is a prize, she is worth striving for. Don't forget the old adage—'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

Paul shook his head.

"I am too proud to enter the lists in any such contest," he answered. "Do you think I could beg for a lady's favorable regard? No! I would hang myself first!"

"How is a lady to know that you have a preference for her, if you do not manifest it in some way?" asked Mrs. Denison. "This is being a little too proud, my friend. This is throwing rather too much upon the lady, who must be wooed if she would be won."

"A lady has *eyes*," said Paul.

"Granted."

"And a lady's eyes can speak as well as her lips. If she likes the man who approaches her, let her say so with her eyes. She will not be misunderstood."

"You are a man," replied Mrs. Denison, a little impatiently, "and from the beginning man has not been able to comprehend woman! If you wait for a woman worth having to tell you, even with her eyes, that she likes you, and this *before you have given a sign*, you will wait until the day of doom. A true woman holds herself at a higher price!"

There was silence between the parties for the space of nearly a minute. Then Paul Hendrickson said—

"Few women can resist the attraction of gold. Creatures of taste—lovers of the beautiful—fond of dress, equipage, elegance—I do not wonder that we who have little beyond ourselves to offer them, find simple manhood light in the balance."

And he sighed heavily.

"It is because true men are not true to themselves and the true women Heaven wills to cross their paths in spring-time, that so many of them fail to secure the best for life-companions!" answered Mrs. Denison. "Worth is too retiring or too proud. Either diffidence or self-esteem holds it back in shadow. I confess myself to be sorely puzzled at times with the phenomenon. Why should the real man shrink away, and let the meretricious fop and the man 'made of money' win the beautiful and the best? Women are not such fools as to prefer tinsel to gold—the outside making up to the inner manhood! Neither are they so dim-sighted that they cannot perceive who is the man and who the 'fellow.' My word for it, if Miss Loring's mind was known, you have a higher place therein than Dexter."

Just then the two persons of whom they were speaking passed near to them, Miss Loring on the arm of Dexter, her face radiant with smiles. He was saying something to which she was listening, evidently pleased with his remarks. The sight chafed the mind of Hendrickson, and he said, sarcastically—

"Like all the rest, Mrs. Denison: Gold is the magnet."

"You are in a strange humor to-night, Paul," answered his friend, "and your humor makes you unjust. It is not fair to judge Miss Loring in this superficial way. Because she is cheerful and social in a company like this, are you to draw narrow conclusions touching her heart-preferences?"

"Why was she not as cheerful and as social with me, as she is with that fellow?" said the young man, a measure of indignation in the tones of his voice. "Answer me that, if you please."

"The true reason is, no doubt, wide of your conclusion," answered Mrs. Denison. Genuine love, when it first springs to life in a maiden's heart, has in it a degree of reverence. The object rises into something of superiority, and she drawn near to it with repressed emotions, resting in its shadow, subdued, reserved, almost shy, but happy. She is not as we saw Miss Loring just now, but more like the maiden you described as treating you not long ago with a strange reserve, which you imagined coldness."

"Woman is an enigma," exclaimed Hendrickson, his thoughts thrown into confusion.

"And you must study it, if you would comprehend her," said Mrs. Denison. "Of one thing let me again assure you, my young friend, if you expect to get a wife worth having, you have got to show yourself in earnest. Other men, not half so worthy as you may be, have eyes quite as easily attracted by feminine loveliness, and they will press forward and rob you of the prize unless you put in a claim. A woman desires to be loved. Love is what her heart feeds upon, and the man who appears to love her best, even if in all things he is not her ideal of manhood, will be most apt to win her for his bride. You can win Miss Loring if you will."

"It may be so," replied the young man, almost gloomily. "But, for all you say, I must confess myself at fault. I look for a kind of spontaneity in love. It seems to me, that hearts, created to become one, should instinctively respond to each other. For this reason, the idea of wooing, and contending, and all that, is painfully repugnant."

"It may be," said Mrs. Denison, "that your pride is as much at fault in the case, as your manhood. You cannot bend to solicit love."

"I cannot,—I will not!" The gesture that accompanied this, was as passionate as the surroundings would admit.

"It was pride that banished Lucifer from Heaven," said Mrs. Denison, "and I am afraid it will keep you out of the heaven of a true marriage here. Beware, my young friend! you are treading on dangerous ground. And there is, moreover, a consideration beyond your own case. The woman who can be happy in marriage with you, cannot be happy with another man. Let us, just to make the thing clear, suppose that Jessie Loring is the woman whose inner life is most in harmony with yours. If your lives blend in a true marriage, then will she find true happiness; but, if, through your failure to woo and win, she be drawn aside into a marriage with one whose life is inharmonious, to what a sad, weary, hopeless existence may she be doomed. Paul! Paul! There are two aspects in which this question is to be viewed. I pray Heaven that you may see it right!"

Further conversation was prevented by the near approach of others.

"Let me see you, and early, Paul," said Mrs. Denison. It was some hours later, and the company were separating. "I must talk with you again about Miss Loring."

Hendrickson promised to call in a day or two. As he turned from Mrs. Denison, his eyes encountered those of the young lady whose name had just been uttered. She was standing beside Mr. Dexter, who was officiously attentive to her up to the last moment. He was holding her shawl, ready to throw it over her shoulders as she stepped from the door to the carriage that awaited her. For a moment or two the eyes of both were fixed, and neither had the power to move them. Then, each, with a slight confusion of manner, turned from the other. Hendrickson retired into the nearly deserted parlors, while Miss Loring, attended by Dexter, entered the carriage and was driven away.

CHAPTER II.

It was past the hour of two, when Jessie Loring stepped from the carriage and entered her home. A domestic admitted her.

THE MORNING CALL.

"Aunt is not waiting for me?" she said, in a tone of inquiry.

"No; she has been in bed some hours."

"It is late for you to be sitting up, Mary, and I am sorry to have been the cause of it. But you know, I couldn't leave earlier."

She spoke kindly, and the servant answered in a cheerful voice.

"I'll sit up for you, Miss Jessie, at any time. And why shouldn't I? Sure, no one in the house is kinder or more considerate of us than you; and it's as little as a body can do to wait up for you once in a while, and you enjoying yourself."

"Thank you, Mary. And now get to bed as quickly as possible, for you must be tired and very sleepy. Good-night."

"Good-night, and God bless you!" responded the servant, warmly. "She was the queen there, I know," she added, proudly, speaking to herself as she moved away.

It was a night in mid-October. A clear, cool, moon-lit, radiant night. From her window, Jessie could look far away over the housetops to a dark mass of forest there just beyond the city, and to the gleaming river that lay sleeping at their feet. The sky was cloudless, save at the west, where a tall, craggy mountain of vapor towered up to the very zenith. After loosening and laying off some of her garments, Miss Loring, instead of retiring, sat down by the window, and leaning her head upon her hand, looked out upon the entrancing scene. She did not remark upon its beauty, nor think of its weird attractions: nor did her eyes, after the first glance, convey any distinct image of external objects to her mind. Yet was she affected by them. The hour, and the aspect of nature wrought their own work upon her feelings.

She sat down and leaned her head upon her hand, while the scenes in which she had been for the past few hours an actor, passed before her in review with almost the vividness of reality. Were her thoughts pleasant ones? We fear not; for every now and then a faint sigh troubled her breast, and parted her too firmly compressed lips. The evening's entertainment had not satisfied her in something. There was a pressure on her feelings that weighed them down heavily.

"There is more in one sentence of his than in a page of the other's wordy utterances." Her lips moved in the earnestness of her inward-spoken thoughts. "How annoyed I was to be dragged from his side by Mr. Dexter just as I had begun to feel a little at my ease, and just as my voice had gained something of its true expression. It is strange how his presence disturbs me; and how my eyes fall beneath his gaze! He seems very cold, and very distant; and proud I should think. Proud! Ah! has he not cause for pride? I have not looked upon his peer to-night. How that man did persecute me with his attentions! He monopolized me wholly! Perhaps I should be flattered by his attentions—and, perhaps, I was. I know that I was envied. Ah, me! what a pressure there is in my heart! From the moment I looked first into the face of Paul Hendrickson, I have been an enigma to myself. Some great change is wrought on me—some new capacities opened—some deeper yearnings quickened into life. I am still Jessie Loring—though not the Jessie Loring of yesterday. Have I completed a cycle of being? Am I entering upon another and higher sphere of existence? How the questions bewilder me! Clouds and darkness seem gathering around me, and my heart is upward, half in fear, and half in hope!"

An hour later, and Miss Loring still sat by the closed window, her eyes upon the gleaming river and sombre woods beyond, yet seeing them not. The tall mountain of compact vapor, which had arisen like a pyramid of white marble, no longer retained its clear, bold outline, but, yielding to aerial currents, had been rent from base to crown, and now its scattered fragments lay in wild confusion along the whole sweep of the western horizon. Down into these shapeless ruins the moon had plunged, and her pure light was struggling to penetrate their rifts, and pour its blessing upon the slumbering earth.

A rush of wind startled the maiden from her deep abstraction, and, as it went moaning away among the eaves and angles of the surrounding tenements, she arose, and putting off her garments, went sighing to bed. Dreams visited her in sleep, and in every dream she was in the presence of Paul Hendrickson. Very pleasant were they, for, in the sweet visions that came to her, Paul was by her side, his voice filling her ears and echoing in her heart like tones of delicious music. They walked through fragrant meadows, by the side of glittering streams, and amid groves with singing birds on all the blossomy branches. How tenderly he spoke to her!—how reverently he touched with his manly lips her soft white hand, sending such electric thrills of joy to her heart as waking maidens rarely know! But, suddenly, after a long season of blessed intercourse, a stern voice shocked her ears, and a heavy hand grasped roughly her arm. She turned in fear, and Leon Dexter stood before her, a dark frown upon his countenance. With a cry of terror she awoke.

Day had already dawned. It was indeed long after sunrise, but no bright sun shone down upon the earth, for leaden clouds were in the sky, and nature was bathed in tears. It was some time before the agitation that accompanied Miss Loring's sudden awaking, had sufficiently subsided to leave her mind composed enough to arise and join the family. When she did so, she found her aunt, Mrs. Loring, and her cousins, Amanda and Dora, two not over refined school girls, aged fourteen and sixteen, awaiting her appearance.

"You are late this morning, Jessie," said Mrs. Loring. Then, before her niece had time to reply, she spoke to her eldest daughter—"Amanda, ring the bell, and order breakfast at once."

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Aunt Phœbe," replied Jessie. "I did not get to bed until very late, and slept too soundly for the morning bell."

"You must have been as deeply buried in the arms of Morpheus as one of the Seven Sleepers, not to have heard that bell! I thought Kitty would never stop the intolerable din. The girl seems to have a passion for bell-ringing. Her last place was, I fancy, a boarding house."

Mrs. Loring spoke with a slight shade of annoyance in her tones. Her words and manner, it was plain from Jessie's countenance, were felt as a rebuke. In a few moments the breakfast bell was heard, and the family went down to the morning meal, which had been delayed full half an hour beyond the usual time.

"Had you a pleasant time last evening?" inquired Mrs. Loring, after they were seated at the table, and a taste of the fragrant coffee and warm cakes had somewhat refreshed her body, and restored the tranquillity of her feelings.

"Very," replied Jessie, in an absent way.

"Who was there?"

"Oh, everybody. It was a very large company."

"Who in particular that I know?"

"Mrs. Compton and her daughter Agnes."

"Indeed! Was Agnes there?" said Mrs. Loring, in manifest surprise.

"Yes; and she looked beautiful."

"I didn't know that she had come out. Agnes must be very young—not over seventeen. I am surprised at her mother! How did she behave herself? Bold, forward, and hoydenish enough, I suppose! I never liked her."

"I did not observe any impropriety of conduct," said Jessie. "She certainly was neither bold nor forward."

"Did she sing?"

"No."

"Probably no one asked her." Mrs. Loring was in a cynical mood.

"Yes; I heard her asked more than once to sing."

"And she refused."

"Yes."

"Affectation! She wanted urging. She has had peculiar advantages, and is said to possess fine musical ability. I have heard that she is a splendid performer. No doubt she was dying to show off at the piano."

"I think not," said Jessie, "for I heard her say to Mrs. Compton, in an under tone, 'I can't, indeed, dear mother! The very thought of playing before all these people, makes my heart tremble. I can play very well at home, when my mind is calm; but I should blunder in the first bar here.'"

"Children should be left at home," said Mrs. Loring. "That is my doctrine. This crowding of young girls into companies, and crowding out grown up people, is a great mistake. But, who else was there? What gentlemen?"

"Mr. Florence."

Mrs. Loring curled her flexible lip.

"Mr. Dexter."

"Leon?"

"Yes."

The eyes of Jessie drooped as those of her aunt were directed in close scrutiny to her face.

"He's a catch. Set your cap for him, Jessie, and you may ride in your own carriage." There was a vulgar leer in Mrs. Loring's eye. The color rose to Jessie's face, but she did not answer.

"Did he show you any attentions?" inquired the aunt.

"Yes. He was quite as attentive as I could desire."

"Indeed! And what does 'as you could desire,' mean?"

Jessie turned her face partly away to hide its crimson.

"Ah, well; I see how it is, dear. You needn't blush so. I only hope you may get him. He was attentive, then, was he?"

"I have no reason to complain of his lack of attentions," said Jessie, her voice cold and firm. "They would have been flattering to most girls. But, I do not always give to compliments and 'company manners,' the serious meanings that some attach to them."

"Jessie," Mrs. Loring spoke with sudden seriousness; "take my advice, and encourage Leon Dexter. I am pleased to know that you were so much an object of his attentions as your remarks lead me to infer. I know that you will make him a good wife; of whom he can never be ashamed; and I know that a union with him will give you a proud position."

"Will you waive the subject, at present, dear aunt?" said Jessie, with a pleading look, at the same time glancing covertly towards her cousins, who were drinking in every word with girlish eagerness.

"Oh, by all means," answered Mrs. Loring, "if it is in the least annoying. I was forgetting myself in the interest felt for your welfare."

"And so Mr. Dexter showed you marked attentions last evening?" said Jessie's aunt, joining her in the sitting room, after Amanda and Dora had started for school.

"Did I say so, aunt?" inquired Jessie, looking into her relative's face.

"You said enough to make the inference clear, my child."

"Well, Aunt Phœbe, he was attentive—more so, by a great deal, than I desired!"

"Than you desired!" There was unfeigned surprise in the voice of Mrs. Loring. "What do you mean, Jessie?"

"The man's position is all well enough; but the man himself is not altogether to my liking."

"You must have grown remarkably fastidious all at once. Why, girl! there isn't a handsomer man to be found anywhere. He is a noble looking fellow! Where are your eyes?"

"The man a wife has to deal with, is the man of the spirit, Aunt Phœbe—the real man. The handsome outside is nothing, if the inner man is not beautiful!" Jessie spoke with a sudden glow of feeling.

"Stuff and nonsense, child!" said Mrs. Loring, impatiently. "Stuff and nonsense," she repeated, seeing that her niece looked steadily into her face. "What do you know of the man of the spirit, as you call it? And, moreover, what possesses you to *insist* that Mr. Dexter's inner man is not as beautiful as the outer?"

"The soul looks forth from the eyes, and manifests its quality in the tones of the voice," replied Jessie, a fine enthusiasm illuminating her beautiful face. "No man can hide from us his real character, unless we let self-love and self-interest draw an obscuring veil before them."

"You are a strange girl, Jessie—a very strange girl!" Mrs. Loring was fretted. "What can you mean? Here, a splendid fortune promises to be poured into your lap, and you draw your garments aside, hesitating and questioning as to whether the golden treasure is worth receiving! I am half amazed at your conduct!"

"Are you weary of my presence here, Aunt Phœbe!" said Jessie, a tremor in her low, failing tones.

"Now give me patience with the foolish girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Loring, assuming an angry aspect. "What has come over you, Jessie? Did I say any thing about being wearied with your presence? Because I manifest an unusual degree of interest in your future welfare, am I to be charged with a mean, selfish motive? I did not expect this of you."

"Dear Aunt! Forgive me!" said Jessie, giving way to tears. "My feelings are unusually disturbed this morning. Late hours and the excitement of company have made me nervous. As for Mr. Dexter, let us pass him by for the present. He has not impressed me as favorably as you seem to desire."

"But Jessie—"

"Spare me, dear Aunt! If you press the subject on me now, you will only excite disgust where you hope to create a favorable impression. I have had many opportunities of close observation, and failed not to improve them. The result is—"

Jessie paused.

"What?" queried her aunt.

"That the more narrowly I scan him the less I like him. He is superficial, vain and selfish."

"How do you know?"

"I cannot make manifest to your eyes the signs that were clear to mine. But so I have read him."

"And read him with the page upside down, my word for it, Miss Jessie Loring."

Jessie answered only with a sigh, and when her aunt still pressed her on the subject, she begged to be spared, as she felt nervous and excited. So leaving the sitting room, she retired to her own apartment, to gather up, and unravel, if possible, the tangled thread of thought and feeling.

CHAPTER III.

"There is a gentleman in the parlor, Miss Jessie," said Mary, the chambermaid, opening the door and presenting her plain, but pleasant face. It was an hour after Miss Loring had left her aunt in the sitting room.

"Who is it, Mary?"

The girl handed her a card.

On it was engraved, PAUL HENDRICKSON. The heart of Jessie Loring gave a sudden leap, and the blood sprung reddening to her very temples.

"Say that I will be with him in a few minutes."

The servant retired, and Jessie, who had

arisen as she received the card, sat down, so overcome by her feelings, that she felt all bodily strength depart.

"Paul Hendrickson'" she said, whispering the name. "How little did I expect a visit from him' After our first interview last evening, he seemed studiously to avoid me."

Then she rose hastily, but in a tremor, and made some hurried changes in her dress. She was about leaving her room, when Mary again presented herself.

"Another gentleman has called," and she handed another card. Jessie took it and read, LEON DEXTER!

Could any thing have been more inopportune! Jessie felt a double embarrassment.

"The fates are against me I believe!" she murmured, as, after a few moments of vigorous repression of feeling, she left her room, and descended to the parlor, entering with light but firm tread. Dexter stepped quickly forward, giving his hand in the most assured style, and putting both her and himself entirely at ease. She smiled upon him blandly, because she felt the contagion of his manner. Hendrickson was more formal and distant, and showed some embarrassment. He was not at ease himself, and failed to put Jessie at ease.

After all were seated, Dexter talked freely, while Hendrickson sat, for the most part, silent, but, as Jessie felt, closely observant. Light and playful were the subjects introduced by Mr. Dexter, and his remarks caused a perpetual ripple of smiles to sparkle over the countenance of Miss Loring. But whenever Mr. Hendrickson spoke to her, the smiles faded, and she turned upon him a face so changed in expression that he felt a chill pervade his feelings. She did not mean to look grave; she did not repress the smiles purposely: there was neither coldness nor repulsion in her heart. But her sentiments touching Mr. Hendrickson were so different from those entertained for Mr. Dexter; and her estimation of his character so widely variant, that she could not possibly treat him with the laughing familiarity shown towards the other. Yet all the while she was painfully conscious of being misunderstood. If she had met Mr. Hendrickson alone, she felt that it must have been different. A degree of embarrassment might have existed, but she would not have been forced to put on two opposite exteriors, as now, neither of which correctly interpreted her state of mind, or did justice to her character.

"I did not see much of you last evening, Mr. Hendrickson. What were you doing with yourself?" she remarked, trying to be more familiar, and giving him a look that set his pulses to a quicker measure. Before he could answer, Dexter said, gaily, yet with covert sarcasm,

"Oh, Mr. Hendrickson prefers the society of elderly ladies. He spent the evening in sober confabulation with Mrs. Denison. I have no doubt she was edified. *I* prefer maid to matron, at any time. Old women are my horror."

Too light and gay were the tones of Dexter to leave room for offence. Hendrickson tried to rally himself, and retort with pleasant speech. But his heart was too deeply interested,—and his mood too serious for sport. His smile did not improve the aspect of his countenance; and if he meant his words for witticisms, they were perceived as sarcasms. Jessie was rather repelled than attracted—all of which he perceived.

Conscious that he was wholly misrepresenting himself in the young lady's eyes, and feeling, moreover, that he was only spoiling pleasant company, Hendrickson, after a brief call, left the field clear to his rival. Jessie accompanied him to the door.

"I shall be pleased to see you again, Mr. Hendrickson," she said, in a tone of voice that betrayed something of her interest in him.

He turned to look into her eyes. They sustained his penetrating gaze only for a moment, and then her long lashes lay upon her crimsoning cheeks.

"Not if I show myself as stupid as I have been this morning," said the young man.

"I have never thought you stupid, Mr. Hendrickson."

"I am dull at times," he said, hesitating, and slightly confused. "Good morning!" he added, abruptly, and turned off without another look into the eyes that were upon him; and in which he would have read more than his heart had dared to hope for.

"What a boor!" exclaimed Dexter, as Miss Loring returned to the parlor.

"Oh, no, not a boor, sir. Far, very far from that," answered the young lady, promptly.

"Well, you don't call him a gentleman, do you?"

"I have seen nothing that would rob him of the title," said Miss Loring.

"A true gentleman will put on a gentlemanly exterior: for he is courteous by instinct—and especially when ladies are present. A true gentleman, moreover, is always at his ease. Self-possession is one of the signs of a well bred man. Hendrickson is not well bred. Any one who has been at all in society, can perceive this at a glance. Did you notice how he played with his watch chain; crossed his legs in sitting; took out his pencil case and moved the slide noisily backwards and forwards; ran his fingers through his hair; exhibited his pocket-handkerchief half-a-dozen times in as many minutes, and went through sundry other performances of which no well bred man is guilty! I marvel, that a young lady of your refinement can offer a word of apology for such things. I see in it only kindness of heart; and this shall be your excuse."

So gaily were the closing sentences uttered; yet with so manifest a regard softening the final words, that Miss Loring's rising anger against the young man, went down, and was extinguished in a pleasing consciousness of being an object of marked favor by one whose external attractions, at least, were of the highest order.

"But the subject is not agreeable to either of us, Miss Loring," said Dexter, in a voice pitched to a lower tone, and with a softer modulation. "I did not expect to find a visitor here at so early an hour; and I fear that I have permitted myself to experience just a shade of annoyance. If I have seemed ill-natured, pardon me. It is not my nature to find fault; or to criticise. I rather prefer looking upon the bright side. Like Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'I am a wide liker.' There are times, you know, in which we are all tempted to act in a way that gives to others a false impression of our real characters."

"No one is more conscious of that than I am," replied Miss Loring. "Indeed, it seems often, as if I were made the sport of adverse influences, and constrained to act and to appear wholly different from what I desire to seem. There are some of life's phenomena, Mr. Dexter, that puzzle at times my poor brain sorely."

"Don't puzzle over such things, Miss Loring," said Mr. Dexter; "I never do. Leave mysteries to philosophers. There is quite enough of enjoyment upon the surface of things without diving below, into the dark caverns of doubt and vague speculation. I never liked the word phenomenon."

"To me, it has ever had an attraction. I always seem standing at some closed door, hearkening to vague sounds within, and longing to enter. The outer life presents itself to me as moving figures in a show, and I am all impatient, at times, to discover the hidden machinery that gives such wonderful motion."

"Morbid, all morbid!" answered Dexter, in a lively manner. "Dreams in the place of realities, Miss Loring. Don't philosophize; don't speculate; don't think—at least not seriously. Your thinkers are always miserable. Take life as it is; full of beauty—full of pleasure. The sources of enjoyment are all around us. Let us drink at them, and be thankful."

"You are a philosopher, I perceive," said Miss Loring, with a smile, "and must have been a thinker, in some degree, to have formed a theory."

"I am a cheerful philosopher."

"Are you always cheerful, Mr. Dexter?" inquired Miss Loring.

"Always."

"Never feel the pressure of gloomy states? Have no transitions of feeling—sudden, unaccountable; as if the shadow of a cloud had fallen over your spirit?"

"Never."

"You are singularly fortunate."

"Am I, Miss Loring?" and the young man's voice grew tender as he leaned nearer to the maiden.

"I am blessed with a cheerful temper," he added, "and I cultivate the inheritance. It is a good gift—blessing both the inheritor and his companions. Neither men nor women are long gloomy in my presence."

"I have often noticed your smiling face and pleasant words," said Jessie, "and wondered if you moved always in a sunny atmosphere."

"You are answered now," he replied.

A little while there was silence. Jessie did not feel the repulsion which had at first made Dexter's presence annoying; and as he drew his chair closer, and leaned still nearer, there was on her part, no instinctive receding.

"Yes," she murmured softly, almost dreamily, "I am answered."

"Jessie." The young man's breath was on her cheek—his hand touching her hand. She remained sitting very still—still as an effigy.

"Jessie." How very low, and loving, and musical was the voice that thrilled along the chords of feeling! "Jessie: forgive me if I have mistaken the signs." His hand tightened upon hers. She felt spell-bound. She wished to start up and flee. But she could not. There was a strange, overshadowing, half paralyzing power in the man's presence. Without a purpose to do so, she returned the pressure of his hand. It was enough.

"Thanks, dear one!" he murmured. "I was sure I had not mistaken the signs. The heart has language all its own."

Still the maiden's form was motionless; and her hand lay passive in the hand that now held it with a strong clasp. Yet, how wildly did her heart beat! How tumultuous were all her feelings! How delicious the thrill that pervaded her being!

"I love you, Jessie! Dear one! Angel! And by this token, you are mine!" said Dexter, his voice full of passion's fine enthusiasm. And he raised her hand to his lips, kissing it half-wildly as he did so.

"The gods have made this hour propitious!" he added, as he drew her head down against his bosom, and laid his ardent lips to hers. "Bless you, darling! Bless you!" he went on. "My life is crowned this hour with its chiefest delight! Mine! mine!"

Yet, not a word had parted the maiden's lips, thus spirited away, as it were, out of herself, and strangely betrayed into consenting silence. She had neither given her yea nor her nay—and dared as little to speak the one as the other.

Almost bereft of physical power, she sat with her face hidden on the bosom of this impulsive lover, for many minutes. At last, thought cleared itself a little, and, with a more distinct self-consciousness, were restored individuality and strength. She raised herself, moved back a little, and looked up into the face of Mr. Dexter. The aspect of her own was not just what the young man had expected to see. He did not look upon a countenance blushing in sweet confusion; nor into eyes radiant with loving glances: but upon a pale face, and eyes whose meanings were a mystery. Slowly, yet persistently, did she withdraw her hand from his clasp, while slowly her form arose, until it gained an erect position.

"You have taken me off my guard, Mr. Dexter," she said, a tremor running through her voice.

"Say not a word, Jessie! say not a word! I am only too happy to have taken your heart captive. You are none the less my own, whether the means were force or stratagem."

"Speak not too confidently, sir. Have I—"

Mr. Dexter raised his hand quickly, and uttered a word of warning. Both were silent again. Then the young man said, his manner growing deferential, and his voice falling to a low and subdued tone,

"Miss Loring, I here offer you heart and hand; and in making this offer, do most solemnly affirm, that you are precious to me as life.—The highest boon I can crave from heaven is the gift of your dear self."

As he spoke, he extended his hand towards her. But her own did not stir from her lap, where it lay as still as if paralyzed.

"This is no light matter, Mr. Dexter," she said: still with the huskiness and tremor which had before veiled her voice. "I cannot decide on a thing of such infinite moment, in hot blood and on the spur of a sudden occasion. You must give me time for reflection."

"The heart knows no time. It neither reasons nor deliberates; but speaks out upon the instant, as yours has already done, Miss Loring," replied Dexter, with reviving ardor.

"Time, Mr. Dexter, time! I must have time!" said Jessie, almost imploringly.

But Dexter, who saw that time might turn the scale against him, resolved to press his suit then to the final issue.

"I cannot accept delay," he answered, throwing the most winning tenderness into his voice. "And why should you hesitate a moment?"

"My aunt—" murmured Jessie.

"Consult her with all maidenly formality. That is right—that is prudent," he said, leaning again very near to her. "But, ere we separate this morning, let me ask one question—I am not disagreeable to you?"

"Oh, no, no, Mr. Dexter!" was the quick, earnest reply.

"Nor is your heart given to another?"

"No lips but yours have ever uttered such words as have sounded in my ears this day."

"And no lips, speaking in your ears, can ever utter such words with half the heart-warmth that were in mine, dear Jessie! True love is ever ardent, and cannot wait. I must have a sign from you before I leave. You need not speak; but lay your hand in mine, and he reached his hand towards her.

It was a moment of strong trial. Again her thoughts fell into confusion. Again a wild, delicious thrill swept like a strain of music through all her being. She was within the sphere of an irresistible attraction. Her hand fluttered with a sudden impulse, and then moving towards the hand of Dexter, was seized and covered with kisses.

"Thanks, dearest!" he murmured. "Thanks! By this token I know that I am loved—by this token you are mine—mine forever! Happy, happy day! It shall be the golden one in all the calendar of my life."

With the ardor of passion he drew her to his side again, and clasping his arm around her, kissed her with all the fervor of an entranced lover—kissed her over and over again, wildly.

All this was not mere acting on the part of Mr. Dexter. He did love the sweet young girl as truly as men of his peculiar character are capable of loving. He was deeply in earnest. There was a charm about Jessie Loring which had captivated him in the beginning. She was endowed with rich mental gifts, as well as personal beauty; and with both, Dexter was charmed even to fascination. Superficial, vain of his person, and self-satisfied from his position, he had not been much troubled by doubts touching his ability to secure the hand of Miss Loring, and by his very boldness and ardor, won his suit ere she had sufficient warning of his purpose to throw a mail-clad garment around her.

Dexter remained for only a short period after this ardent declaration. He had penetration enough to see that Miss Loring was profoundly disturbed, and that she desired to be alone. He saw with concern that her countenance was losing its fine warmth, and that the lustre of her eyes was failing. Her look was becoming more inverted each moment. She was trying to read her heart, and understand the writing inscribed thereon.

"I will see you this evening, Jessie," said Mr. Dexter, on rising to depart. Their intercourse had already been touched with a shade of embarrassment.

Miss Loring foreeds a smile and simply inclined her head. He bent forward and kissed her. Passively—almost coldly was the salute received. Then they parted. A film of ice had already formed itself between them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The notes of all solvent banks will be taken in payment of subscriptions to THE POST—although, of course, we *prefer* gold or silver.

Subscribers who find a difficulty in getting anything under a five dollar note to remit, should bear in mind that we send the paper three years for five dollars. All should also remember that in times like these, it is better to subscribe to an old and firmly established paper like THE POST, which a "crisis" in the money market scarcely affects, than to papers of a more transient and less reliable character.

OUR GREAT CITIES.

The yearly "expenses" of our large American cities are enormous—but under the head of "expenses" are classed all kinds of "pickings and stealings." New York is the great exemplar—and Philadelphia follows at no mean distance behind the great roguepolis. It used to be said of the great cities of the old world, "their merchants are princes." It might be said of the great cities of the new, their princes are merchants—selling as their rulers do, contracts, place, &c., for the greatest amount of ready money. How things are managed in order to swell the amount of official perquisites, the following statement made in the Ledger of this city will show:—

A man is arrested for stealing thirty door-plates, the Alderman hears as many witnesses, and the party is held to answer for every plate taken. A return is made to Court, and thirty bills are sent to the Grand Jury, and upon the return of true bills, the District Attorney receives $90; the Clerk, $90, and the Sheriff, over $40—making a total cost to the county, for the conviction of the offender, $220, or ten or twenty times more than the door-plates are worth.

To show how openly rascality flourishes in New York, we may relate the following: A lady of our acquaintance, coming on in the cars last summer, found a poor woman near her, whose ticket was not worth a cent—she having purchased it at a swindling office openly kept in the neighborhood of the true office. Not long since, three gentlemen were persuaded into the same office, and just missed being swindled by the doubts of one of their number as to its being the right place. Of course the police know of the existence of such offices, but probably they are in league with the offenders, receiving a share of the plunder in return for their silence and inaction. We have heard it rumored that one of the New York Aldermen is concerned in the bogus office especially alluded to.

In fact so large is the number of those interested, directly or indirectly, in vice and crime in New York, that by casting their votes unitedly they seem almost if not quite able to control the elections. It is a question therefore, whether the vicious and improvident do not promise ultimately to become the dominant classes in all our large cities. It is no question, should such ever be the case, that society will scarcely rest satisfied, for any long period of time, with so corrupting and terrible a rule.

THE BANK OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. Allibone, late President of this Bank, has written home to his brother, vehemently denying the charges of fraud made against him. He incloses a card to the public, demanding that he shall be considered innocent until he is proved guilty—and stating that, so far, he has not even been made acquainted with the particulars of the charges against him. He says he would start for home immediately, if his health allowed it—and incloses a certificate of a Dr. Gurney of Nice, saying that he cannot leave for America at present, "without the greatest risk to his reason and life."

This is a curious case, certainly. What the precise charges against Mr. Allibone are, has not yet been communicated to the public. It is only known that he is held responsible for the deficit of nearly a million of dollars in the assets of the Bank. Certainly he has a right to be confronted with his accusers, and have a fair trial. But he cannot have this, until he comes back to the country. We should have more faith in his plea of "sickness" abroad, had we not been informed that when he was reported "sick at home" during the bank troubles here, he was seen in Third street. If he is innocent, of course he will embrace the very earliest opportunity of returning to Philadelphia. It may be that he was the mere dupe and *tool* of others whose connection with the bank was of a much older date: but whatever are the facts, let them be brought, if possible, to the light of day. There is reason to believe there has been *great* rascality practised—and the stockholders have a right to know who are the guilty parties, in order that measures may be taken to make them disgorge, if possible, their plunder.

The following is an extract from Mr. Allibone's letter to his brother, which will show the tone of the whole epistle:—

"I have lain awake both nights, nearly all night, since I received your letter informing me of the horrible charges, and have most truly endeavored to think on what they are based, and I do most solemnly assure you that I cannot: and that I know of no transaction, or transactions, which could have authorized the charge of *indebtedness to the Bank*. I am not aware of any, as for 'having entries made to cover up.' I cannot name, for I do not know of, any clerk or person, either now, or at any time about the Bank, of whom I have had or have any fear. And any clerk who would have been ordered to make entries, would have been intelligent enough to know if they were not correct, and would have had me in his power. *I never had such fear*, and am too *proud a man* to have had, for any object, *such a master*. You know that I could have raised, without any security, between a large list of able and willing friends, *any amount of money*; and that I had no occasion even to sell my property, which was but little encumbered, and which would have brought a large sum of money. Now, I have walked in and out of that Bank, among stockholders, directors and clerks, with an erect head and the feeling of a *freeman*. I have walked in and out of the houses of my friends, and in the streets of my native city, with an erect step and no thought of this deed. I have moved in and about my house with my family and with my children, without dreaming that such things could be laid against me, as I *knew of no such things*. Could I have taken my children, and caressed them, as you know I felt towards them, if I had dreamed that their father had been a *thief*; and that *without a notice*: for I could have realized *enough money* to pay any demands or obligations. And would I not rather have lived in the humblest way, with a *crust* and a free conscience, than to have had more wealth than these gentlemen could estimate, and be a felon! The thing is preposterous! My habits and my life, from my youth up, testify against it; and when I could have obtained, by selling my estate, more than I could need, as I always have fully believed! Would any one 'embezzle' for the love of it? Had I no pride in a reputation which I have always considered as *beyond price*? You can, in your own mind run over enough able names who would, at the least hint from me, have united and placed me, for the sake of my family, if not for my own, beyond such a temptation. The stories about my having speculated in Reading Railroad stock, and in sugar, and in cotton, and lost large sums in that way, must be known to be totally false. It is known how many friends whom I love had invested largely in the stock of the Bank. Would I, without a hint to them, have not only sunk what I have paid (over $200,000) for, but let my friends all suffer? The thing is absurd—it refutes itself."

Mr. Allibone is either an innocent man or a very impudent one.

BANKS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The following is the aggregate of the official statement of the condition of our banks last November:—

	Circulation.	Specie.	Deposits
City Banks, - -	$2,901,849	$2,100,263	$13,097,310
Country Banks, -	8,287,511	2,357,553	1,224,229
	$11,189,360	$4,462,916	$14,321,539

There is about one dollar of specie to every six of immediate liabilities, (that is, circulation and deposits.) The condition of the city banks is much the stronger. For their specie is almost equal to their circulation, while all of their recent deposits have been made under an agreement which takes them out of the class of immediate liabilities. We see not, if the above statement may be relied upon, why the banks of this State should not resume specie payment at an early period.

NOT BAD.—Mr. O. H. S., of Kewanee, Ill., says, in sending in his subscription for the new year:—

The Saturday Evening Post contains too much that is instructive and amusing to be laid aside in this *money panic stricken year*. We need some *relief*, and I think the Post as good relief as can be found.

WEEVIL IN WHEAT.—A correspondent writes for a receipt for getting rid of weevil. Will some of our friends inform him how he may best deal with this troublesome insect?

THE COST OF A SPECIE CURRENCY.—The proposed issue of Treasury notes by the Government, affords our readers a practical illustration of the difference in cost between a specie and paper currency. The Secretary of the Treasury, looking forward to a want of cash in his strong boxes, had two courses open before him. He could borrow $20,000,000 of gold and silver for a year, say at an interest of five per cent., and use it to pay the creditors of the Government. This plan, however, involved an expense of the interest, say five per cent. on $20,000,000, which is $1,000,000; practically leaving him only $19,000,000.

Or, he could issue Treasury notes—at a small rate of interest, or at no interest at all—to the amount of $20,000,000; which notes would be abundantly satisfactory to all whom the Government owed, and who would gladly take them at par.

Now, if he chose to issue the notes without their bearing any interest at all, he would save just the nice little sum of $1,000,000.

Suppose the Treasury was $20,000,000 behind for ten years—every year it would save that $1,000,000, or $10,000,000 in all.

We know well that many weighty objections may be urged against paper money, but we are not now considering the subject in *all* its bearings—we are simply showing how its cheapness drives nations almost involuntarily into its use.

As to what Secretary Cobb will really do, we are scarcely prepared to say. The first seven millions are to be issued at an interest of three per cent.—the rest as low as they will be taken. We should not be surprised if the remaining thirteen millions were taken at a merely nominal interest—we have little doubt the creditors of the government would be willing to take them without any interest at all.

LATEST FROM KANSAS—THE STATE CONSTITUTION, WITH SLAVERY, ADOPTED—STARTLING RUMORS.—ST. LOUIS, Dec. 28.—Advices from Kansas to the 22d inst., received by the Republican, state that the constitution, "with slavery," was carried by a large majority at the late election. The returns are meagre, but sufficient to indicate this result. At Shawnee the pro-slavery vote was 765; at Alathe, 200, and at Lexington, about the same.

It was reported at Lawrence that a body of men had gone to Lecompton to seize the territorial arms.

A letter dated Lawrence, Dec. 21st, says that Gen. Lane has gone to Fort Scott with the avowed intention to destroy that place, to exterminate the pro-slavery settlers on the Shawnee reservation, and to carry the war into Missouri.

Gov. Denver has assumed his position as Governor of the territory, and issued an address to the people, in which he exhorts the citizens to appeal to the ballot box for a settlement of their difficulties. He also states that President Calhoun has invited himself and the presiding officers of both Houses of the Territorial Legislature to be present at the counting of the returns of the election held on the 21st inst.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 28.—*Evening*.—A gentleman arrived here from Kansas, reports that the whole vote cast at the election in Lecompton was 132, giving a majority of 69 for the slavery clause. At Lawrence there were no votes received, and the poll books were not opened at Topeka. At Lexington the slavery majority was 30.

A letter received by the Republican, says that the Convention to re-assemble at Lawrence on the 22nd, was expected to recommend the course to be pursued as to voting at the January election for State officers. Many favor the casting of the free State vote so as to crush the *State government. Ex-Governor Stanton's name* is mentioned as a candidate for Governor.

WALKER'S ARREST REPUDIATED BY THE GOVERNMENT.—*Washington, Dec. 28.*—The arrest of Walker, in Nicaragua, by Commodore Paulding, of the Pacific squadron, has been the *prominent topic of discussion to-day, and it was* reported on good authority this morning that the Government was displeased with the act, inasmuch as the instructions issued to Commodore Paulding did not warrant his interference with the *filibusters after* they had landed. His duty was to prevent their landing.

The Commodore's reason for arresting the invaders was, that they had "broken the neutrality laws;" but the position is one of his own assuming, and the federal authorities, it is alleged, will hold him responsible for it.

The friends of Walker are loud in their assertions that his arrest was illegal—that the U. S. authorities will be called upon for whatever damages he and his comrades may have sustained. It is understood that the British Minister here is largely implicated in the measures that brought about his arrest.

NEW YORK.—Gen. Walker, having surrendered himself into the custody of Marshal Rynders, at New York, that official is about to proceed to Washington with his prisoner, to ascertain the intentions of the President.

EXCITEMENT AT MOBILE.—MOBILE, Dec. 28.—Great excitement prevails here in consequence of the alleged intervention of the Government in Nicaraguan affairs, in the capture of Gen. Walker by Com. Paulding.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—The instructions to Com. Paulding were necessarily general in their nature, it being impossible for the Government to anticipate every state of circumstances, and not until his official despatches shall have been considered, will it be determined whether or not he was justified in Gen. Walker's arrest.

Or paper coin, how vast the power!
It makes or breaks us in an hour;
And thus, perhaps, a beggar's shirt,
When finely ground, and cleared of dirt,
Then recompensed, with hand and hopper,
And printed on by sheet of copper,
May raise ten needles to renown,
And knock as many nobles down. —*Cotbett.*

(17" ABOUT THE TRUTH OF IT.—Lady—are you the new servant? Servant Girl—Servant, ma'am? oh, not at all; I'm the young lady who boards here and assists in the housework.

GEN. DENVER'S INSTRUCTIONS.—The President's instructions to Gen. Denver, the new Secretary and Acting Governor of Kansas, directs him to use the U. S. troops to preserve order, if necessary, and to protect the elections ordered by the Lecompton Convention as well as any ordered by the legislature then in session. It concludes as follows:

"It is vitally important that the people of Kansas should have the full determination of the question now before them for decision. It is important also that, in securing to them the protection to which they are entitled, great care should be taken not to organize any illegal authority. On this point, I again refer you to my instructions to Governor Walker and Secretary Stanton, which you will regard as directed to yourself. It is proper to add that no action of the Territorial Legislature about to meet can interfere with the elections of the 21st of December and the 26th of January, in the mode and manner prescribed by the Constitutional Convention."

A LETTER has been received from John Y. Mason, our Minister at St. Cloud, tendering his resignation, and complaining with much feeling of the treatment he has received from Mr. Buchanan. It appears that the resignation is compulsory. Mr. Mason states that he labored earnestly to secure the nomination of Mr. Buchanan, and that he was promised a continuance of his Ambassadorship, or a seat upon the Supreme Bench, in case of vacancy, as he might choose.

GEN. CASS publishes a short letter, accepting Gov. Walker's resignation. He deprecates the practice of the Government arguing with its officers, but denies that the President has changed his policy as to Kansas.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.

On the 21st, Mr. Biggs, of North Carolina, submitted a joint resolution, which was adopted by a vote of 34 yeas to 12 nays, providing that when the two Houses adjourn on Wednesday, it shall be to meet again on the 4th of January.

Mr. Bigler, of Penna., addressed the Senate, vindicating the President's policy in the Kansas portion of the message. He said:

No one regretted more than himself to perceive that the discussion on the Kansas policy of the Administration was to be precipitated upon the Senate and the country until the result of the election on the slavery clause had transpired, and until Kansas should present herself for admission as a State. But the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) made a different policy necessary and proper, and no alternative was left to the friends of the Administration but to respond.

In his opinion, the great speech of the Senator, with all due respect, was, after all, a huge structure resting on a very unsound and insufficient foundation; and what was still more extraordinary it was sustained to no inconsiderable extent by the same authorities and ideas which, to his (Mr. Bigler's) understanding had been used on former and similar occasions against him by the enemies of the Democratic party.

He could not understand why the Senator from Illinois should have shown so much willingness to weaken public confidence in the policy of the men of his own party, whom he assisted to place in power; and who, at this critical moment, wield the only functions of government capable of maintaining the public peace in Kansas. He could discover no purpose of public policy, the attainment of which required the Senator to do these things, nor to deal in ungenerous criticisms of the views of the President. The allegation that that venerable statesman had fallen into "fundamental error" as to the meaning of the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, and the purposes of its authors, because he was not in the country at the time of its passage, was not worthy of the Senator, though it may have served to incite momentary gratification on the other side of the chamber; but on neither side, nor in the country, will the sentiment meet with a respectful response when the influence of the hour shall have yielded to sober reflection. The honorable Senator from Illinois was not in the country when the Declaration of Independence was enunciated, nor when the Constitution was made; and yet he claims to understand both these instruments and the purposes in view by their authors. *Is this law more difficult of comprehension? Perhaps it is.* At all events, it *has certainly required* more explanation at the hands of its author; and it might seem that, so long as he finds it necessary to explain what he meant, every month in the year, he could afford to pardon the President for the commission of even "fundamental error." But what would the Senator say respecting the views of the late President, who was not out of the country when the law passed, but participated in every step of the struggle that gave it existence. He certainly understood the question, and he (Mr. Bigler) had sufficient authority for saying that he agreed with his successor in the Kansas policy; and, consequently, differed from the Senator from Illinois.

What did the Senator mean by assuming that the Kansas policy of the message was not an Administration measure? Did he mean that the Cabinet do not agree with the President? He (Mr. Bigler) understood differently. Or did he mean that the Administration, having laid down its policy, will not hold that those who assail and denounce that policy do not oppose the Administration? There was certainly no room for misunderstanding on this point. If he meant that he does not see clearly what that policy is, Mr. Bigler could tell him; upon this occasion he need not doubt the accuracy of the explanation. The Administration having, from the beginning, *maintained the Territorial laws of Kansas* having sanctioned the authority of the Territorial Legislature to call a Convention of delegates to be elected by the people to make a Constitution and State Government, and having exercised all its powers to secure to the people a fair opportunity to make their domestic institutions "in their own way," it would be improper to prejudge and discard the action of that Convention *before it had been fully developed*; and further, that when Kansas shall have presented herself for admission as a State, her Constitution being republican, and the people having had a fair opportunity of making a free or slave State, as indicated in the organic act, and as required by the general understanding of the whole country, it will be considered a sufficient reason to object to the admission of the State, that the ordinary forms of the Constitution, about which there was no dispute, and which may be changed at any time the people may desire, where not submitted to the test of a popular vote. The people of Kansas had a right to do this in their own way. The way it has been done is their own. But if in this, or in any other particular, the delegates have acted in bad faith, or have abused the powers delegated to them, they are responsible to the people, and not to Congress or to the Administration.

Mr. Bigler said he had before him the bill reported by Mr. Douglas on the 17th of March, 1856, providing for the admission of Kansas as a State into the Union, the third section of which reads as follows: "*That the following propositions be, and the same are hereby offered to the said Convention of the people of Kansas*, when formed, for their free acceptance or rejection, which, if adopted by the Convention and ratified by the people at the election for the adoption of the Constitution, shall be obligatory upon the United States and the said State of Kansas." The bill read in place by the Senator from Georgia, (Mr. Toombs,) on the 17th of July, and referred to the Committee on Territories, contained the same section, word for word. Both of these bills were under consideration at the conference which had been referred to: but when the Senator from Illinois reported the Toombs' bill to the Senate the next morning, it did not contain so much of the third section as indicates to the Convention that the Constitution should be approved by the people. The words "and ratified by the people at the election for the adoption of the Constitution" had been stricken out. Who struck these words out, or for what purpose was it done? were questions which it was not for him to answer.

The Senator assumed the other day that where ever the law is silent on the subject, the inference is in favor of submission; but a full examination of the precedents bearing on that point has shown him that the converse of the proposition has the weight of authority, and that which he had laid down on the rule of precedent has never happened in a single instance.

Mr. Bigler proceeded to reply to the other points in Mr. Douglas' speech. He sustained the legality of the Lecompton Constitution, and, in the course of his remarks, said he could not foretell what his action would be on the question of admitting Kansas under the Constitution. The case was not fully made up. A very large and dangerous power was in the hands of those who are to conduct the election on the slavery article. They may abuse it. If so, the result could not be recognized. But if the election shall be conducted fairly, he should vote for the admission of Kansas as a State, with either a free or a slave Constitution, because he thought that would settle the controversy and give peace to Kansas and the country. If the institutions should not suit the people, they could be altered more easily and satisfactorily with Kansas as a State than as a Territory.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, replied, saying that he had no fault to find with the Senator from Penna., for making a series of attacks on his consistency, while omitting to answer his arguments. Some persons had furnished him with the records of the votes of the Senator on the Wilmot Proviso, and some former speeches relative to Kansas matters. He knew not whether they were true or false, but what had they to do with the question now presented? He did not understand the motives for ransacking the public records and newspapers, and picking up every little scrap to see what his course has been for twelve years past on the subject of slave-

Suppose it was true, that in 1848 he was in favor of extending the Missouri Compromise to the Pacific ocean, as recommended by Mr. Buchanan in his letter the year preceding, and supposing it is true that in 1854 he introduced a bill for the repeal of that compromise, of which the President says he now approves, all these things are not material to the argument. The true issue was whether popular sovereignty, to which the President and himself were pledged, should be violated in Kansas. He thought the Senator from Penn. showed a want of candor and fairness in quoting from his Springfield speech, and omitting to quote what he said on the same subject the other day, which was perfectly in harmony with his previously expressed opinions.

He thought Gov. Walker was authorized to say what he did in his inaugural address by the instructions of the President and his Cabinet, to demand that the Constitution be submitted, and unless submitted it should be regarded as null and void. He was not aware that Governor Walker had interfered in the slightest degree except in pursuance of these instructions. He never supposed that the agent was to be denounced for obeying instructions, and the principal applauded for giving them. He admired the manliness of the President in assuming the responsibility to give them, and only regretted that the President proposes, from motives of expediency, to accept the Constitution without a ratification by the people, although he admits it ought to be submitted. If it is right to submit it, let it be submitted. Let policy and expediency take care of themselves. He complained that the Senator from Pennsylvania seemed disposed to put him in a false position. The true test is, the Constitution must be endorsed by the popular will. If not, it must be rejected. The only true way of ascertaining whether the Constitution is acceptable or not is to submit it to the people.

Mr. Bigler explained that he did not say that Mr. Douglas maintained the ground that an enabling act was necessary in all cases, but that he had taken ground that it was necessary in the case of Kansas. The Senator from Illinois has disposed of his own argument, in saying that he was not always consistent, and that a wise man will always change his views whenever he thinks himself wrong.

Mr. Douglas wanted to know by what authority Mr. Bigler said the Lecompton movement was an Administration measure. The President's message does not say so. Had he any higher authority on which to base his arguments than that document?

Mr. Bigler replied that he had made the deduction from the message, and from that he knew. In addition, he did not assert in terms that the Lecompton movement was an Administration measure, but said the Administration held the movement as legal, so far as it has progressed. How could the President make such a recommendation prior to the result of the vote, which, as he says in his message, he is waiting for?

Mr. Douglas repeated that he should like to know what other source of information Mr. Bigler had, as that Senator had that much advantage of him.

Mr. Bigler said he was not at liberty to say this was an Administration measure, and allow Mr. Douglas to define what it is.

Mr. Douglas again wanted to know what these other sources of information were, which authorized the Senator to read men out of the party for not sustaining that measure.

Mr. Bigler denied that he said one word about reading men out of the party. Did Mr. Douglas mean to make no issue with the Administration? When he makes an issue, cannot we tell what it is?

Mr. Douglas—The Senator did not use the words, but he insinuated strongly to that effect. He seemed to be carrying out the system which has been pursued for the last few weeks, by every pensioned letter-writer, intimating that "Douglas had deserted the Democratic party, and gone over to the Republicans."

Mr. Bigler—I deny any such accusation: I said that the Senator's position excited a momentary gratification on the other side of the chamber, and regret on this side.

Mr. Douglas replied that he had been denounced by men who were willing to sink the Administration for the purpose of killing off Northern men. That every press which can be controlled is thus controlled, is undeniable. But look at nineteen-twentieths of the Independent press—those which do not *depend on the Government for support*—they are with him in sustaining the Democratic party, and the Cincinnati Platform. But the few who are not allowed to speak for themselves, are endeavoring to drive him where they could not drive him—to desert the principles averred and maintained by the Democratic party. He wanted to know whether every man is to be driven out of the party because he does not coincide with the President on the questions of the Pacific Railroad, and the Bankrupt Law as applied to banks?

Mr. Bigler responded negatively.

Mr. Douglas resumed—Then, if every one of the gentlemen around him was at liberty thus to dissent from the President on the questions of the Bankrupt Law, the Pacific Railroad Bill, the Tariff, and other measures, was he not permitted to judge for himself on the subject of the Lecompton movement? He did not understand the extraordinary desire to strike the blow which would either cripple him and drive him out of the party, or make the country believe he had left the party. Would the Senator from Pennsylvania endorse every recommendation in the President's Message, and say he is prepared to carry it out?

Mr. Bigler replied that it was not at all probable he agreed with every sentiment of the President. He had no desire to lay down a rule by which the Senator should be read out of the party.

Mr. Douglas wished to know if the Administration did not regard as wanting in party fealty those who refused to sustain the Lecompton movement?

Mr. Bigler replied that he could not go any further into the subject. He had endeavored to express his views with all the clearness of which he was capable. If the Senator thought proper to assume that this was a party measure, and that he was out of the party because he differed with the sentiments of the Administration, that was his own business. He (Mr. Bigler) had laid down no such rule.

Mr. Douglas replied that the Senator from Pennsylvania had informed the Senate that he had other sources of information regarding the purposes of the Administration in making this a party measure. He believed that the charges made that he was going over to the "Black Republicans" were made by men hostile to him, and actually hostile to the Administration. They were persons who desire to get him into a false position, for ulterior purposes. He did not mean men, whose claim to the confidence of the Democratic party were not superior to his own should read him out of the Democratic party. A report is being circulated everywhere that the President is prepared to put the knife to the throat of every man who dares to differ from the Administration, and think for himself on this question. He believed those who circulate such reports are enemies to the President, and he wished to give his friends an opportunity of denying the charge.

Mr. Bigler—Who makes the charge?

Mr. Douglas—The newspapers of the country are full of it. The Senator seemed to make his argument as if I were outside of a healthy Democratic organization. I do not recognize the right of that Senator, or anybody else on earth, to expel me.

Mr. Bigler—In no shape or form have I been laboring to put the Senator outside of the party. It is true, I did show that, on this question of slavery, the Senator did not always hold the same position, but I did not say that any man who differed from the Administration on this subject was no Democrat.

Mr. Douglas—I stated that when I changed my opinion, I changed it in correspondence with that of the President in both cases. If that would lead me out of the party, it would lead me in very good company. (Laughter.) If the President and Democratic party stick to their platform, we can move along harmoniously; but I shall at all events maintain my opinions. I shall take all proper occasions to vindicate the great principle with which my public life is identified. I hope, in the discussion of this question, that Senators will let me alone as regards my consistency, and as for my prospects, let time determine.

Mr. Stuart, of Mich., then obtained the floor, when the further consideration of the subject was postponed.

The Senate then passed the House resolution, proposing to pay the arrearage of the salary of members at the commencement instead of at the end of the sessions of Congress, and the sum of $250 per month each, during the session. Adjourned.

On the 22nd, Mr. Wilson (Mass.) introduced a bill to secure to actual settlers the alternate sections of public lands reserved in grants to the various States for railroads.

Mr. Johnson (Tenn.) introduced a bill granting every head of a family, who is a citizen of the United States, a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres, on condition of occupancy and cultivation.

On motion of Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, a resolution was adopted requesting the President to communicate the record of the proceedings of several Naval Courts of Inquiry held in this city.

On motion of Mr. Seward, a resolution was adopted directing the Joint Committee on Printing to inquire and report whether any new provisions of law are necessary to secure the faithful performance of existing contracts which provide for the publication of accurate reports of the debates of the two Houses of Congress.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the President's Message.

Mr. Fitch, of Indiana, said, if the election took place in Kansas yesterday, Congressional action on the subject would soon be required; that is, assuming there were no frauds which would vitiate the election. He desired that the decision of the people of the Territory, whether to admit or exclude slavery, should not be supposed to influence his opinions; he therefore wished to speak on the subject in advance of any possible knowledge here of the character of the proceedings at that election. He would remark, in advance, that while he should feel bound to comment on some of the views expressed by Mr. Douglas, he did not desire to read him out of the Democratic party, but would say, a man might, by his own voluntary act, either by promoting discord in the party, or by some other means, place himself beyond the pale of the party organization. He hardly thought the old Democratic party, as such, were put to the necessity of reading persons out of their organization. If, however, there were any men of the Democratic party who wished to take position outside of the party, or to attempt to foment discord in the party, in return for some fancied grievance in time past, they would do well to remember the fate of every such attempt which had been made from the days of Aaron Burr to those of Martin Van Buren. He was in favor of admitting Kansas with whatever Constitution she might present here, provided it be republican in form. The Convention that framed the Constitution had the power to submit or withhold it, and were responsible only to the people of Kansas for the manner in which they exercised that right. He desired to adopt the course productive of the least evil to the greatest number.

Mr. Douglas (Illinois) in reply said, according to his own showing Mr. Fitch differed from the President on one point, and yet the Senator from Indiana had charged him with faction. If differing from the President was faction, that Senator had double the amount of faction with himself. He had not become the mere servile tool of any President, so as to feel himself bound to take every recommendation, without examining to see whether it met his approbation or not. With regard to harmony in the Democratic party he had only to say, that if the Democratic Senators and President would stand by the Cincinnati platform, there would be harmony between them all and himself. He said, call it faction, call it what you please, I intend to stand by the Nebraska Bill, to stand by the Cincinnati platform, to stand by the organization and principles of the Democratic party, and I defy opposition from whatever quarter it may come. He predicted that before the lapse of sixty days, he would be in harmony with those that were most relied upon *now to crush him* and the principles of the Nebraska Bill, in the admission of the Lecompton Constitution. He looked on the Convention as a trick and fraud upon the rights of the people, and with or without slavery, he was opposed to the whole concern. He did not know the object of all these attacks upon him. Perhaps his opponents thought they could worry him out; but he would tell them that, if he found his strength failing, he would go off and recruit his energies, and then come back and take a raking fire at the whole of them. [Laughter.]

During a conversational debate between Messrs. Douglas and Fitch, the former in order to sustain his previous remark, that he could not place much confidence in the returns of the election which was to be held yesterday, said the Convention had declared null and void all the laws punishing for making fraudulent returns, and stated, in addition, that two officers of the army, who were present in Lecompton at this time, informed him that the very man who was known to have *perpetrated* the Oxford frauds was elected Clerk of the Convention by acclamation, upon the ground that his services in Johnson County entitled him to such consideration.

Mr. Clay (Alabama) thought Mr. Douglas' remarks calculated to do gross injustice to the Convention. He read the twelfth section of the schedule of the Kansas Constitution, which declares in substance that all the officers shall be sworn to faithful performance of their official duties, and on failure thereof, to be subject to the same pains and penalties as are provided in like cases under the territorial laws.

Mr. Stuart remarked that it was true the Constitution makes no such provision, but it was equally true that the acting Governor had said there is no law in Kansas for punishing frauds in making returns.

Mr. Clay inquired whether the *ipse dixit* of the Governor was to prevail over the law.

Mr. Douglas replied that the clause which the Senator from Alabama read was in the copy of the Constitution published in the National Intelligencer, but in that published in the Union, and which, it is said, was furnished by the President to the Union, that clause was not to be found. He could not pretend to account for the variance, unless the Convention adjourned without putting the Constitution into form, and perhaps the Intelligencer was furnished with a revised copy, and the Union printed the document as it was before the Convention. Whether so or not, it does not place the matter under the Territorial laws, where there were penalties for fraudulent returns.

Mr. Clay said Mr. Douglas was mistaken, for he had read from the schedule as published in the Union.

Mr. Douglas promised that he would look into the matter, and if he should discover that he was mistaken he would publicly acknowledge it.

The further consideration of the subject was then postponed, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 23rd, various branches of the President's Message were appropriately referred.

Mr. Stuart, of Mich., gave notice of his intention to introduce a Home Valuation Bill.

Mr. Stuart addressed the Senate on the subject of Kansas and the Lecompton Constitution. He said it was well remarked by Attorney General Butler, in the Arkansas case, that the power of Congress upon the subject of the admission of new States, is plenary. When the question is presented it must necessarily be determined by the circumstances which surround and govern that particular case. It is a power which authorizes the admission of foreign States as well as those formed out of our own territories, and this single statement would show at a glance that precedents never could and never ought to be regarded for the purpose of determining the power or propriety in a particular case. Congress, and Congress alone, under the power conferred upon it by the Constitution, is to determine not only the question whether the State shall be admitted at all, but it is equally empowered with authority of determining when it shall be admitted. Enabling acts were not to be regarded as indispensably necessary to the admission of new States. He proceeded to lay down three principles to the case under consideration. The questions to be asked, were, whether the form of government was republican, and whether the people were satisfied with it, and asked admission under it, for the power of Congress was to admit the State, not to coerce it. He contended that half of the people of Kansas had had no opportunity to vote for the election of delegates to the convention, as in some counties no census had been taken. How could they be expected to abide by its decision? Their voice had not been heard. He also believed that the convention was an intended trick and fraud upon the people, and expressed views in accordance to those of Mr. Douglas previously submitted. He would never give his vote to consummate that fraud, which he believed to be the most enormous fraud that was ever undertaken to be practiced upon any people under the form of law. He believed if this constitution was forced upon the people of Kansas, those who did it would light the torch of civil discord throughout the Union. They might cry peace, but there would be no peace.

Mr. Broderick, of California, said that while he agreed with Messrs. Douglas and Stuart in most of their remarks, there was one point on which he wished to say a few words. When Gov. Walker and Secretary Stanton went to Kansas, they found a state of insurrection existing there, and succeeded, with great labor, in restoring peace. Now he thought the President and his Cabinet were alone responsible for the recent outbreaks. This was the first time he had known a President to descend from his high position, and attempt to coerce peaceable citizens to the will of an illegal body of men. He was sorry to disagree with his party, for he believed he had rendered as much service in electing President Buchanan as any gentleman upon the floor. He was also somewhat astonished at the forbearance of the people of Kansas toward the delegates to the convention. If the people had flogged them, cut their ears off, and sent them out of the Territory, he, for one, would have applauded them for it. He would not make any extended remarks now, but if the Lecompton Constitution should ever be presented to the Senate, he might have something to say about it then. He would remark that he was no Free Soiler. In his own State his most bitter opponents were the Republicans.

During a conversational debate, in order to show his opposition to Free Soil movements, Mr. Broderick alluded to the fact that, some years since, at a Convention of the Democratic party, in the State of New York, of which Mr. Doolittle and Preston King were members, a proposition was made that if one wing of the party should consent to the passage of resolutions endorsing the Wilmot Proviso, they might have all the offices. But he refused to enter into such an agreement.

Mr. Doolittle (Wisconsin) said it was true he was in that Convention, and that the Democratic party were then divided on that issue. So far as he was concerned, though such resolutions were submitted, no proposition ever came from him, directly or indirectly, that, in consideration of the passage of the resolutions, the offices should be bestowed on the other side.

Mr. Broderick said it was Mr. King who made the proposition to him.

Mr. King (New York) remarked that he had no special recollection of such a conversation. He had always considered that there could be no other motive on the part of citizens residing in the free States to oppose such resolutions but the hope of obtaining office.—[Laughter.]

Mr. Broderick replied, that if his wing of the party were anxious to obtain the offices, they would not agree to the passage of resolutions for that object.

Mr. King remarked that such conversations were so frequent, that although he did not recollect this particular case, he did not question the accuracy of Mr. Broderick's statement.—[Laughter.]

Mr. Doolittle said, that at the time the Wilmot Proviso was before the Senate and was expected to pass, Mr. Clay wrote a letter to that effect, and Mr. Cass expressed his anxiety again and *again to be permitted to record his vote in its favor. It however failed, because John Davis* talked out the last hours of Congress. In order to obtain the nomination by the Democratic party for President, the Southern delegates having been instructed to oppose the nomination of any man who was not on record against the Wilmot Proviso, Mr. Cass wrote the Nicholson letter.

Mr. Brown (Mississippi) gave notice that he should express his views after the holidays, but he would say now, that if the recent election in Kansas was as fair as he hoped it was, in which all parties had been allowed freely and without hindrance to participate, and Kansas should ask admission as a free State, he stood upon the record in favor of her admission. If, on the contrary, she should ask admission as a slave State, he hoped his friends on the other side would abide by their former action and admit her.

Adjourned until the 4th of January.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 21st, the House resumed the consideration of the Treasury Note Bill.

Mr. Abbott, of Maine, was altogether opposed to the measure, because it was not necessary at the present time. He was not in favor of converting the General Government into a great National Bank, for the purpose of circulating paper money to the extent of twenty millions of dollars. He would protect the national honor and credit, but in a way least injurious to the people. Such an issue as is proposed by the bill would, he believed, prolong and aggravate the present commercial embarrassments, and as a measure of relief, he suggested a curtailment of unnecessary expenses, and the abolition of sinecures. The Treasury would thus be relieved to the extent of more than twenty millions.

Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, said that Mr. Abbott would find that Democrats were willing to reduce the expenses of the Government where it could be done without prejudice to the public interests. He proceeded to show that a pressing necessity exists for the issue of treasury notes, and mentioned that the Treasury was deprived of the receipt of $10,000,000 of duties on $40,000,000 to $50,000,000 of goods, now in the public warehouses in the various cities.

Mr. Banks, in reply to one of Mr. Letcher's points, said that if the latter and his friends would take the negro question out of the controversy and attend to the business of the white men, there would be no such surplus in the Treasury as in 1853 and 1854. He took issue with the President, denying that paper money had produced the present financial disasters, and expressing some views on hard money.

Mr. Letcher replied that the gentleman would soon be in the Governor's chair of Massachusetts, and he should look with considerable interest to his views on hard money. He should expect him to go to the very root.

Mr. Banks responded that wherever he should be, he would recommend, and contribute, so far as is in his power, to effect a radical reform in this matter. If the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Letcher) supposed he should ask the bankers of Massachusetts to restrict the issue of paper money, he would be met with the reply: "As the General Government will not forego the issue of paper money; there is no reason why he should do it."

Mr. Letcher denied that the bill proposed to make a paper currency, nor did it establish a debt. It it converted the Government into a bank, a different note would be sounded from the other side of the hall, where it would meet with recommendation, while the Democracy would be arrayed against it.

Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, said this was a deceptive bill, but he would not characterize it as fraudulent, in the legal sense of the term. The bill proposed what is called a loan, but in reality it designs converting the Government into a great "shin-plaster" machine, to fill the country with irredeemable paper money, which has always professedly been distasteful to the Democracy. The generous soul of Democracy has left the caucus, and has entered and now animates the true Jeffersonian Democracy—the Republican party. The supposed plates for the treasury notes had already been prepared, with the likeness of the President on one end, and that of the Secretary of the Treasury on the other, with the motto, "Thanks to the Sub-Treasury, the Government has not failed." [Laughter.]

He urged various objections against the bill, contending that there is no necessity for a loan. He wanted to build the Government on the rock of hard money, or paper representing dollar for dollar. He wanted to know where the money is to come from, and whether any part of it was used to force the infamous laws and despotism on the people of Kansas, and enforce the Lecompton Constitution at the point of the bayonet.

Mr. Letcher inquired whether Mr. Lovejoy was aware that the people of Kansas were to vote to-day. Therefore, the money could not be used for that purpose.

Mr. Lovejoy replied that the party there had played such fantastic tricks as made heaven blush, and the other place rejoice. [Laughter.] Tyrants always want money, and he could only compare this Administration to that of Phillip the Second. An attempt was now made by it to convert the country into a despotism, and the Treasury Department into a great National Bank. The President is gradually sliding into it, and when he fully succeeds, the Democracy will swear they always favored a bank.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, intended to support the measure, with such modifications and guards as should be thrown around it, whether the form of a loan or of treasury notes. But when they were about passing a bill for an outstanding debt of twenty millions, it struck him as a part of wisdom they should make a provision for the redemption of the bonds. The gentleman from Illinois, (Mr. Lovejoy,) in his suggestion of direct taxation, had stolen the thunder of the gentlemen from Mississippi and South Carolina.

Mr. Campbell wanted to know from them when they intended to renew their proposition from the last Congress.

Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, said he would do so at the proper time, as direct taxation was the only means of stopping corrupting influences on the Treasury, whether it be in a plethoric or an exhausted condition.

Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, remarked that that subject was one very dear to his heart, and he and his friends had it under consideration, and would press it at the proper time in hope of its adoption. He trusted that the time would come when the doctrine of free-trade would prevail, with no duties whatever on imports, and the support of the Government be by direct taxation alone.

Mr. Campbell resumed: He believed with the doctrine of the fathers of the Republic, and which the President had never repudiated, that the tariff should be framed with the view of raising means for the economical support of the Government, with a discrimination for the purpose of protection. He wished to offer an amendment to the bill, imposing increased duties on carpets, iron of various kinds, manufactured cottons, linens, silks, worsted, wool, &c. His object was to meet these treasury notes, and provide incidental protection for the industrial pursuits of the country.

The committee then rose, and the Treasury Note Bill passed by the Senate was taken up, and, on motion, referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

A resolution was passed, limiting the debate on that subject to two hours, the next day.

Mr. Warner, of Arkansas, asked, but did not obtain, leave to introduce the following preamble:

"*Whereas*, it appears from the proclamation of Brigham Young, late Governor of Utah, and from the President's Message, that the said Territory is now in open rebellion against the Government of the United States: therefore, the Committee on Territories be instructed to consider and report on the facts, and inquire into the propriety of excluding from a seat on this floor the delegate from that Territory."

Adjourned.

On the 22nd, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Senate Treasury Note Bill.

Mr. Grow (Pa.) opposed sending forth irredeemable paper currency. There being nothing in the Treasury to redeem the issue, it would but add to the evils which now prevail. He favored a loan which would bring forth twenty millions of dollars in coin, now in secret recesses, unemployed and waiting a safe investment.

Mr. Smith (Va.) argued to show that the notes proposed to be issued by the bill under consideration were not in the nature of bank notes. The bill in effect, proposed a loan. In reply to the gentleman from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Grow) he would say the position of that gentleman was an apt illustration of the old adage "One Apostate Christian, is worse than ten Turks."—[Laughter.]

Mr. Grow—Do you not consider my views on currency are good Democracy?

Mr. Smith—I congratulate the gentleman on that single remnant of his past Democratic career. [Laughter.]

Mr. Grow—You consider me sound on everything but that the Territories shall be occupied by white, instead of black men.

Mr. Smith—I judge the gentleman's Democracy by his associates.

Mr. Ritchie, Pa., (Mr. Smith having alluded to the views entertained by him in a former speech,) said, the President, in his message, merely spoke as to the necessity of a small loan, and of hard money, but the report of the Secretary of the Treasury showed that there was a demand for twenty millions of Treasury notes. Was he not justified the other day, in saying there were two sets of Democrats, the one in favor of specie, the other of paper?

Mr. Houston (Ala.) called Mr. Ritchie to order. The latter continued to speak meanwhile amid much confusion.

Mr. Houston—I did not hear. I want the gentleman to repeat his threat. [Sensation.]

Mr. Ritchie—I made none, but only said that I occupied the floor by the courtesy of the gentleman from Virginia, and denied the right of the gentleman from Alabama to call me to order.

Mr. Smith, of Va.—The gentleman from Pennsylvania had only made a "dig" at the Democratic party. [Laughter.]

Mr. Ritchie—Is not my inference a fair one?

Mr. Smith—No, it is not. I am surprised that such remarks should come from a statesman, from whom we had a right to expect better things. I should like to know what the gentleman from Massachusetts, (Mr. Banks) meant the other day by speaking of the Democracy on the other side of the Hall.

Mr. Banks—The Democracy of the Constitution.

Mr. Smith—That kind which would let the Union slide, and seeks an equality of the races by absorption. [Laughter on the Democratic side.] And did not the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Lovejoy) once say that the Constitution was worthless, like rotten rags?

Mr. Lovejoy—No!

Mr. Smith—Nor anything like it?

Mr. Lovejoy—No! [Laughter was caused by the peculiar manner in which the response was given.]

Mr. Smith—Then I acknowledge that I have done the gentleman wrong. I am glad he is sitting under the American flag, and will adhere to the Constitution and his country.

Mr. Adrian (N. J.) supported the bill, and replied to the objections made against it.

Mr. Morris (Pa.) regarded this measure as an attempt to return to the policy with which the government commenced, namely, to secure the national currency. He was in favor of a national bank, with proper restrictions, such as Gen. Jackson said might be established. He was glad, therefore, that the President had adopted one of the principles of the old Whig platform.

Mr. J. Glancy Jones (Pa.) having replied to various objections urged against the bill, showed the necessity of its passage, in consequence of the recent commercial revulsions. The mode proposed was the best and the least exceptionable form of a loan. The treasury wanted money, at the cheapest possible rates. The proposed issue of these notes was not to force them as currency upon the people, but to borrow gold and silver to answer the present emergencies.

Various amendments to the bill were proposed and discussed.

Mr. Banks offered an amendment, proposing to raise an amount of money, not exceeding twenty millions of dollars, by the issue of stock, redeemable in one year. Rejected. Yeas 78, nays 103.

The Committee then rose.

The bill as passed by the Senate was then adopted, without amendment. Yeas 118, nays 86.

The House passed the Senate joint resolution, that when both Houses adjourn to-morrow, it be till the 4th of January, 1858, by a vote of 97 against 86. Adjourned.

On the 23rd, Mr. Warren (Arkansas) rose to a question of privilege, and offered his preamble and resolution relative to Utah, and requiring of the Committee on Territories to report on the propriety of excluding the Delegate from that Territory from a seat in this House. Mr. Warren said this was a case which the country and every honest man desired to be investigated. Members were sitting here with the Delegate from the Territory of Utah, which was not only morally but legally in open rebellion against the Government of the United States.

Mr. Banks (Mass.) said that the fact that the preamble declares that a state of war exists in Utah, did not bring the matter before the House as a question of privilege. He admitted that the conclusion affected the Delegate's rights, but the facts on which Mr. Warren had based his conclusion did not affect his rights at all.

The speaker remarked that the preamble might or might not be adopted by the House.

Mr. Boocock (Va.) agreed that this was a question of privilege, but it would be for the House to say whether the reasons assigned should be admitted. He was not, nor was the House, prepared to admit the facts charged as constituting sufficient grounds for the rejection of the Delegate, as the House cannot set up an injunction of morals or religion. We cannot declare a State or Territory in a condition of moral rebellion, and that, therefore, its representative is not entitled to be heard on this floor. A part of the State might be in rebellion, yet are not those who are true and loyal entitled to representation? But we have no facts by which we can declare Utah in legal rebellion against the country. Where is the Message of the President declaring that Utah is in a state of rebellion? It would do no harm to refer this resolution to the Committee on Territories for investigation.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall (Kentucky) thought that, under all the circumstances, the House ought not to entertain the subject at all. It would be observed that everything Brigham Young has done has been done in the capacity of civil Governor of Utah. There is strong probability that the people of that Territory might be deceived as to the extent to which Mr. Young, as Governor, had a right to go. He had frequently thought that it would have been prudent for the incoming Governor to have met the proclamation of Brigham Young with a counter proclamation, showing the fact of his (Mr. Cummings') appointment. He would thus have stripped from the shoulders of Brigham Young the cloak under which he is now acting, and placed the inhabitants of Utah in a position to resist Brigham Young. Mr. Marshall was free to say, that the President would have done better if he had issued a proclamation to the people of Utah, setting forth the fact of Brigham Young's removal, and the appointment of Mr. Cummings in his place. There were gentlemen here who believe in the doctrine of the right of a State to secede from the confederacy, and to resist the laws which it may deem unconstitutional. Would the House conceive that they have a right to instruct the Committee on Elections, or a special committee, to inquire whether, in view of these facts, they should be excluded from seats in this hall?

Mr. Morris (Illinois) wished instructions. The Committee on Territories report a bill to repeal the Act organizing the Territory of Utah, and attaching that Territory to another Territory for judicial purposes.

Mr. Davis (Maryland) said the preamble assumed that the Delegate is a representative of a rebellious government, and not that of the people who elected him. There can be no such thing as a war of a State or a Territory against the Government of the United States. If the sitting Delegate did not take part in the rebellion, he has legal rights, equal to those of any other gentleman on the floor. Those who had resisted the laws should be tried according to the Constitution, while the innocent should have counsel to plead in their defence. Nothing was more sacred to the people of the States and Territories than the right of representation, and it should be protected at every point.

Mr. Banks objected to the resolution, although, under other circumstances, there was no member who would more cheerfully enter into the investigation than himself. There was not sufficient ground to justify proceedings as to whether the Delegate from Utah was entitled to a seat. The President, in his Message, does not say a war exists with Utah, but that Brigham Young has threatened rebellion, and intimates that some of his threats may be idle boasting. Therefore, he recommends that additional regiments should be raised for service in that Territory.

Mr. Warren (Arkansas) said he wanted an investigation, and was not particular as to the form in which it should be directed. No attempt had, as charged, been made to expel the Delegate from Utah without a hearing. By the proclamation of Brigham Young, it was plain to every mind that Utah is in a state of rebellion.

Mr. Curtis (Iowa) said that his constituents were interested in this matter, and that a Mormon was the editor of a Democratic paper in his district. Mr. Curtis wished to introduce a resolution looking to the repeal of the organic law of the Territory of Utah.

Mr. Warren replied that the gentleman need not tell him that a Mormon was editor of a Democratic paper. He might edit what is called a Democratic paper, but he does not belong to that school of Democracy which has governed, and controlled, and brought the country to the present state of its prosperity.

Mr. Boyce (South Carolina) remarked that no man had less sympathy with the Mormons than himself. The right of Mr. Bernhisel to a seat was not under resolution, but under the organic law of the land. Mr. Young is a bad man, but is his conduct to be regarded as that of the people of Utah? This is the greatest question which could come before Congress. He looked on the movement of the United States troops against Utah, as the most unfortunate step the Government had been compelled to take, and he would regret should they be compelled to shed fraternal blood.

Mr. Colfax (Indiana) thought that the self-respect of the American Congress demanded this investigation. Gentlemen say the resolution is extraordinary in its character, but it was offered to meet an extraordinary state of affairs, anomalous in their character, and without precedent in history. He would say nothing of the moral depravity which had made the Mormon name a by word and reproach. Was it not a fact that the United States authorities had been defied and trampled under foot, and its legitimate officers compelled to leave the territory, fleeing for their lives? Were they not cutting off the army trains, openly throwing off their allegiance to the general Government, and otherwise defying the law? The President says nothing prevails there but the despotism of Young. Yet, gentlemen hesitate whether they shall pursue an investigation which their own self-respect demands.

Mr. Stephens of Georgia, while he had no objection to the adoption of the resolution, said there was nothing in the preamble which involved a question of privilege.

Mr. Keitt of South Carolina moved to table the resolution.

The motion was negatived, by a vote of 72 yeas against 118 nays.

The resolution was then agreed to.

And the preamble was adopted by a vote of 107 yeas against 77 nays.

Mr. Keitt said he knew nothing of the proclamation of Brigham Young. He remembered having seen something in fugitive newspapers about it, but had seen nothing of an official character. The President does not declare that Utah is in open rebellion, but says that unless Young retraces his steps the Territory may be in a state of open rebellion. Then, no acts have been yet committed amounting to a rebellion. The Delegate from Utah represented a political system, and had a right on the floor. He did not represent men in or out of rebellion.

Mr. Seward, of Georgia—Is he not an agent?

Mr. Keitt—Yes.

Mr. Seward—If he is a mischievous agent, have we not a right to dispose of him?

Mr. Keitt—He is here under the law of the land, and there is nothing against him. The members of the House have involved themselves in some contradiction to-day. On motion of the gentleman from Arkansas, (Mr. Warren,) they have declared that war exists. They say that Utah is in a state of rebellion, and yet they cut the very sinews of war. If it be true, should they adjourn for ten days? And if not true, should they make the declaration in form of a resolution?

Mr. Faulkner, of Virginia, from a select committee, made a report in regard to the accommodations to the new Hall; setting apart a portion of the gallery for reporters and foreign ministers, curtailing the classes of privileged characters to be admitted to the floor, &c. The report was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Banks, so much of the President's message referring to Utah was referred to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Pettit announced the death of Saml. Brenton, and Mr. Niblack the death of James Lockhart, late representatives from Indiana, pronouncing eulogies on their character.

The House then adjourned till January 4th.

IMPHEE VS. SORGHO.

The following correspondence, with reference to the relative merits of "Imphee," or Kafir Sugar Cane, and the Chinese Sorgho, will challenge a general perusal:

NATIONAL HOTEL, WASHINGTON, Dec. 16, 1857.

Mr. Editor—Sir:—Your natural love of fair play would, I am sure, induce you to give this letter a place in your esteemed journal, even were the subject of less importance to the community than it really is.

As is generally known, I introduced into the United States, this spring, numerous varieties of the "Imphee," or Kafir Sugar Cane, and have had them grown on the estate of General Hammond, in South Carolina; but, to the best of my remembrance, I have never written a single line respecting them in any newspaper in the United States. Circumstances over which I had no control, and to which I will not further refer, prevented my making Sugar from them this year; and thereon, up sprang a number of patriotic and disinterested persons, who are not content with decrying and abusing these most valuable plants, but must need villify myself, as the introducer, and impute to me unworthy motives. Were I better known in this community, I might treat such writers with silent contempt, but as I am a stranger among you, I am forced, in self-defence, to place before the public a contradiction to their statements.

From the Imphee plants grown this year on General Hammond's estate, I have seen *ten* average-sized canes yield upwards of *two gallons of juice*, carefully measured; the Chinese Sorgho at the same time and place giving only 5¼ quarts from the same number of canes.

The juice of the Imphee repeatedly marked 10 deg. Beaume (18 per cent. saccharine), and on one occasion, when Mr. Olcott and many other gentlemen were present, it marked 10½ deg. Beaume, equal to 19 *per cent. of saccharine matter*, whereas I never saw the juice of the Chinese Sorgho mark more than 9 deg. (16 per cent. saccharine!) Among so many varieties of the Imphee, of course the size varies very much, some of them being very large and heavy. Mr. Olcott, in a letter to the *Times*, said: "I cut a stalk of Imphee to-day measuring sixteen feet in height, and 1¾ inches in diameter!" and one of the fellow stalks I cut myself, and carefully weighed. It measured 16 feet in length, and weighed *five pounds* without the head and upper joint. The same cane, one month after it was cut, weighed 4 pounds! This large growth was not the result of forcing, but was the natural size of the cane, which is of a variety remarkably large.

The seed of the Chinese Sorgho is *very inferior*, and quite unsuitable for human food; whereas many varieties of the Imphee produce a *fine, white seed, yielding flour equal to wheat*, and fully as wholesome for food. On moderately good land fifty bushels of *clean seed* per acre may always be calculated upon; but on rich bottom lands 100 to 200 bushels per acre may be obtained.

Some of the *best* varieties of the Imphee are never blown down. The Chinese can seldom withstand a good strong wind.

In respect to the "*red-heart*" or "*red-rot*," everybody knows that the Chinese Sorgho suffers from that disease in a lamentable manner: on the other hand, I have never seen it in any of the Imphees, except one variety, which was far over ripe, and had been lying prostrate on the ground for six weeks before it was cut.

Such, sir, are really and truly some of the comparative merits of the African Imphees and the Chinese Sorgho; but I may safely add, that acre for acre, I believe the Imphee will yield double the quantity of juice and double the quantity of clean seed that the Chinese Sorgho will produce.

With these facts before them, I think the great body of planters in the United States will disregard the unscrupulous efforts of *interested* men, who, without knowing the Imphee, nevertheless run it down, in order that they may sell their Chinese Sorgho Seed!

The annexed letter (which I received only on the 14th inst.,) from my esteemed and highly respected friend, General Hammond, of South Carolina, will speak for itself.

Faithfully yours,
LEONARD WRAY

[COPY OF A LETTER FROM GENERAL HAMMOND TO L. WRAY.]

REDCLIFFE, 26th Nov., 1857.

Dear Sir:—I received to-day the *Southern Cultivator for December*. It contains two letters from Mons. Vilmorin, denouncing your Imphee. As I know his statements are false, as regards the Imphee grown in this latitude, I deem it due to truth, and to you, to give my testimony against them.

Your Imphee came here too late to allow a perfectly satisfactory comparison to be instituted between that and Sorgho, but I do not remember that in any attempts we made to compare them, the results were in favor of the Sorgho. Certainly most of the varieties of Imphee have a large stalk, and produce more juice. None, I believe, are smaller. As to "red rot," which so severely affected the Sorgho, I do not think it appeared at all in more than one kind of Imphee, and that had ripened long before we reached it in our operations. I am sure the Imphee is not *more* subject to the "red rot" than the Sorgho, and was not as much affected by it this year here. As to the per centage of saccharine matter in the juice, I saw the saccharometer mark 18 once, and frequently 14 to 16 per cent. I believe the Sorgho never reached 12 per cent.

From my experience of *this year*, I should be unwilling to say that the Imphee is decidedly superior to the Sorgho, but I am equally unprepared to say that any single variety of Imphee is inferior to the Sorgho.

I shall try all of them again and again before I determine which is the very best.

As you say Mons. Vilmorin obtained no Imphee seed from you, I am inclined to think that he has not made his experiments with pure seed. I have not, as you well know, any interest in the sale of Imphee seed, or anything made from Imphee, and you are well aware of my aversion to having my name in the papers, but you can show this letter to any one you please, and if absolutely necessary, publish it. I shall probably put the substance of it into the next *Cultivator*.

Yours, very truly,
(Signed) J. H. HAMMOND.

L. WRAY, Esq.

HOW TO LIVE AND WHAT TO LIVE UPON IN INDIA.

LODGINGS.—The system of lodging letting is almost unknown in India, and a visitor must not expect to find a furnished house everywhere. Something is done in the boarding house way, at the chief towns, by respectable widows, and each presidency is provided with respectable hotels and club-houses. A stranger, after he has looked about for an empty house adapted to his wants, sends for a sircar or dubash, or Parsee butler (the name varying with the presidency), and bidding him procure the necessary furniture, may expect in two or three days to find himself installed in his own domicile. The articles absolutely necessary at first are few, as nothing in the shape of fixtures or hangings is required. The expense of life at one of the presidencies depends upon the circumstances and position of the individual. A man may live on £200 a-year, or 170 rupees *per mensem*; and he may also spend without difficulty £10,000 a-year.

SERVANTS.—To give an idea of the maximum of expenditure, we will suppose an establishment at Calcutta on a grand scale. A house of two stories, containing twenty rooms and broad verandahs, with halling-rooms and out-houses, and enclosed within a garden or compound, costs at least 500 rupees per month. The establishment of servants will run as follows:—A khansumah or butler, who markets and attends at table on great occasions. He also makes pastry and preserves, and superintends the kitchen. Two or three khitmutghars, who also attend at table, clean the plate, &c. A valet, who takes care of the linen and clothes of his master, and looks after his toilet. A cook and a deputy, the latter of whom attends the khansumah at market, and brings home the supplies. A sirdar and bearers—sirdar meaning chief, whose duty it is to prepare the bath, polish boots and shoes, attend to the lamps and candles, and see that the bearers are ready either to pull the punkah (a large fan upon an oblong frame, which is suspended from the ceiling of each sitting-room, with a rope attached to it), or to go out with the palankeen, or waft away flies and insects during the meals, or polish the furniture. A musalchee, who acts the part of a scullion and likewise prepares the lamps. A bheestie, or water-carrier. He draws water from the wells or tanks, and fills the jars with the water required during the day. He sprinkles the cuscus tatties, or plaited grass coverings of the doors and windows during the hot season, and waters the garden or grass plots. A mihtur or sweeper, who does all the dirty work of the house. A dhobee or washerman—there are no washerwomen in Indo-European establishments. The *modus operandi*, amounting to the beating of linen on flat stones, is performed by a man, and his wife irons the articles. A durzee, or tailor. This functionary is chiefly employed in repairing the damages effected by the dhobees, or in making bed curtains, hemming sheets and tablecloths, darning stockings, &c. His work is abundant where there is a lady and children in the house, because the lady rarely attends to her household. A durwan, or doorkeeper. He sits at the entrance gates, sounds a gong upon the arrival of a visitor, and throws open the portals of the compound. An abdar, or keeper of the water. To him is assigned the duty of cooling the wines, beer, and water for dinner purposes; but the introduction of American ice into India has nearly obliterated his functions. A coachman, whose title announces his duty. Syces, or grooms, (one to each horse, or two to three horses). They not only groom and feed the horses, but either take their places behind the carriage or run by its side, or by the side of the equestrian who may be paying visits, and require his horse to be occasionally held. A peon, or chuprassy. A belted messenger, who carries letters and messages, or to accompany the coachman upon state visits. An ayah, or lady's maid. A very useful person in a family, for she relieves the lady of the labor of dressing her hair, and is most serviceable in shampooing, and performing a number of delicate little offices which the heat of the climate often renders necessary. It is needless to add, that she dresses her mistress and looks after her wardrobe. A mihturance, or metrannee—a female sweeper, whose services are auxiliary to those of the ayah. A sircar, who keeps the accounts of the establishment, receives his master's pay, disburses it, and will endeavor to prevent any one from cheating you but himself. To these domestics are added dooreahs, or dog-boys, where people keep dogs; chowkedars, or private constables, who patrol the grounds during the night; naujies and dandies, where a boat is kept; coolies, to carry burdens, and hookah burdars, or preparers of the hookah—an office which is gradually becoming extinct under the modern passion for cigars. None of the servants in India will eat of the food cooked for Europeans; consequently, they are placed upon a uniform system of wages, which, though small as regards each individual, make up a tremendous aggregate.

COST OF AN ESTABLISHMENT.—Not less than 200 rupees per month will pay the establishment of a man of large income. The lowest establishment, with which a person can rub on, consists of one khitmutghar or boy, one cook, and one musalchee, whose united wages at either presidency will amount to about £25 per annum. The lowest rate at which a very small house (unfurnished) may be obtained is £30 per annum.

CLOTHING.—Cotton clothes are cheap in India, because the supply from England of piece goods is generally much in excess of the demand. Woollen clothes are dear, because the tailors demand high prices for the manufacture of coats, waistcoats, and trowsers. Hats are dear, and boots of English and French make are likewise costly. Excellent boots are, however, made of country leather by bootmakers on the spot, and they cost about half the price of European boots.

STYLE OF LIVING.—The style of living in India corresponds, as regards the table, with that in vogue at home. The breakfast hour is generally from eight to nine, A. M. Tea or coffee, bread, butter, rice, fish, eggs, or curries, cold meats, jams, honey, or marmalade, grace the breakfast table. Soups, fish, roast, boiled, stewed, broiled, and curried meats, pastry, game, jellies, blanc-mange, &c., constitute the dinners. The only distinctive feature of the Indian table is the superiority and variety of the curries and the pilaus. A dish called kitchri—a compound of rice, split peas, fried onions, chillies, small raisins, and curried fowl or mutton—is a favorite breakfast dish.

PRICES OF VARIOUS COMMODITIES.—Meat bears a very low price in India, compared with what is paid in England, although the markets are supplied with beef, mutton, and veal, scarcely inferior to the produce of our native country. From twopence to threepence per pound is usually paid for the best kind of meat. Poultry abounds in India. The game obtainable at the presidencies is partridge, teal, snipe, wild ducks, and occasionally venison. Bread of good wheat flour is very cheap; rice, ditto.

LUXURIES.—For all extras and luxuries of the table the Indian resident is, in a great measure, indebted to England, France, and America. To Europe also the Anglo-Indian owes all his wines and spirits, paying for them less, perhaps, in the aggregate than he would pay in England, because they do not bear the same heavy duty. The beer, stout, and pale ales of England are in great request. The quantity of these grateful beverages which some men will drink in a single day, is almost fabulous. The price of a bottle of beer, if bought by the dozen, is, on an average, 1s. 3d. Wines lose nothing by the trip to India, even champagne and claret are to be had in considerable perfection; and the best cognac is procurable at half the price it costs in Great Britain. Soda-water is made by the chemists and provisioners in India, but nothing else in the shape of a beverage suited to Europeans is manufactured in the East.

FISH.—No one who is fond of fish will find himself subject to privations in India. The harbor of Bombay abounds with pomfret, a species of flat fish of so excellent a flavor that it has been reported of a celebrated gourmand, that he thought it well worth a voyage to India to taste it. Other kinds of fish are very plentiful in the harbors and rivers.

ROUTINE OF LIFE.—The routine of European life in India is unavoidably uniform and monotonous. People rise very early, before the dawn of day, for when the sun is up they begin to experience his influence. An hour's exercise, either on horseback or on foot, is supposed to be necessary to insure the healthy action of the liver. Returning home, a bath, which consists in having jars of water poured over the body, is taken; the newspaper is read, and everybody proceeds to business of some kind; while ladies, defying the sun, sally forth in their carriages to pay visits and make purchases. From ten o'clock till five in the evening, everybody is at work. In the middle of the day some persons take tiffin, as luncheon is called; and this, in too many instances, is a sort of miniature dinner, when stews and curries are devoured, and washed down by copious draughts of pale ale. A bath and a change of dress precede the evening ride or drive. Everywhere there are strands, courses, beaches, where the denizens congregate to gossip or listen to the music of military bands. Night closes in, and the gay groups separate to return home and dine.

There is much interchange of dinner giving; balls are presented at private houses and military messes. Billiards and cards furnish excitement to great numbers: a few persons cultivate music, and now and then an amateur play; a discharge of fireworks at the expense of some rich native; a regatta or a *nautch* (native dance,) enlivens society.—*Stocqueler's India.*

AT THE DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.

I have knocked at the door of luxury;
They reached from the window a penny to me.

I have sought Love's house and knocked at the door.
But fifteen others stood there before.

I knocked at Honor's castle gate;—
"We open only to knightly state."

I visited Labor's dwelling low,
But I heard there only wailing and woe.

I asked where Contentment's house is found,
But no one knew in the country round.

But I know a house both lonely and still;
I'll knock there at last by the Father's will.

There dwells, indeed, full many a guest,
But yet there is room for many to rest.

Newport, R. I. C. T. B.

SHOOTING FISH.—Talking of shooting fish sounds rather strange in England; but in India it is a very common practice, and is thus managed. Taking his matchlock, the native quietly secretes himself on some bank or tree overlooking any river, or lake, in which "murrel" fish are plentiful. He avoids being dressed in white clothes, or making the slightest movement or noise, otherwise the fish will not rise. After waiting quite still some little time, his patience is rewarded by a fine "murrel" (a species of large fresh-water carp) quietly rising to the top of the water to breathe, for having emitted one bubble of air it generally as gradually begins to descend, repeating this process at intervals of every five minutes or so. This is the lucky moment to seize for a shot at the fish's head. No sooner has the ball struck the water than with a great splash of its tail the fish disappears; hastily throwing down his gun, the marksman instantly dives in after the fish, and begins groping about with his hands and legs in all directions round the spot where the fish has last gone down, until he is able to feel it, mostly lying stunned and motionless among the weeds at the bottom. Having grasped it, he rises with his slippery prize, and flings it far on to the shore, for it soon recovers itself, and if not found at once on diving for it the fish would swim away. These "murrel" are excellent eating, very firm and white, and of a most delicate flavor. They often reach even three feet long, by about six inches broad. While lying motionless at the top of the water they look like mere black logs of floating wood; often merely the nose is to be seen, as the fish hides under some large water-lily leaf, so that a sharp look-out must be kept. It is immaterial whether the bullet actually strikes the fish or not; if it goes very near its head or mouth it will have just the same effect of stunning the "murrel." I have myself, for fun, in about a quarter of an hour's time, shot at, dived for, and brought ashore three monster fish of this carp breed, not one of which bore any marks of the bullets. This fact the Bheels laughably accounted for by saying, that on opening its mouth to breathe, the fish accidentally gulps down a mouthful of water, which has been rendered perfectly boiling for the moment by the rapid course of the ball through it, the novel taste of swallowing which so confuses the "murrel" that it forgets how to escape. Nor could they understand how the fish could possibly be stunned unless accidentally hit by the bullet, water being too soft for the purpose.—*Rice's Hunting in India.*

YOUR OWN HEART'S HISTORY!

We who were friends, yet are not now,
We who must daily meet
With ready words and courteous bow
Acquaintance of the street;
We must not scorn the holy past—
We must remember still
To honor feelings that outlast
The reason and the will

I might reprove thy broken faith,
I might recall the time
When thou wert chartered mine till death
Through ever fate and clime;
When every letter was a vow,
And fancy was not free
To dream of ended love; and thou
Wouldst say the same of me.

No, no! 'tis not for us to trim
The balance of our wrongs;
Enough to leave remorse to him
To whom remorse belongs;
Let our dead friendship be to us
A consecrated name;
Unutterable—mysterious—
A sorrow and a shame.

A sorrow that two hearts, which grew
Encased in mutual film,
Should wander, callous strangers, through
So cold a world as this!
A shame that we, whose hearts had earned
In life an early heaven,
Should be like angels, self-returned
To death, when once forgiven!

Let us remain as living signs,
That they who run may read
Pain and disgrace to many lines,
As of a loss indeed:
That of our fellows any, who
The prize of love hath won,
May tremble at the thought to do
The thing that we have done!

A HUMAN HAIR FAIR.

Very few of our gentle readers, probably, ever heard of or imagined such a thing as a Human Hair Fair. As few, perhaps, ever thought of inquiring into the source of the beautiful tresses which are seen every day in those armories of Venus, the windows of the hair-dressers. We are reminded, however, by a late French paper, that this is the season of the annual Hair Fair at Morlaas, in the Lower Pyrenees, in France. Morlaas is near the city of Pau, and it is from a Pau journal that we derive some account of the fair the present season. The hair dealers were crowding into the place from all points, from Toulouse, and even from Bordeaux; and the young peasant girls of the neighborhood, famous for their fine and abundant heads of hair, were flocking to the market like sheep, to be shorn of their locks for the adornment of other and prouder heads. Even young husbands accompany their wives, to insist upon their despoiling themselves, for a trifling consideration, of their beautiful heads of hair. Twenty francs (four dollars) is the highest price which is given for the richest head of hair, and a majority of the damsels part with their locks for a tenth part of that sum.

This singular market is held in the open street, and attracts crowds of curious as well as interested persons. Girls are seen to be sheared in public, while others are waiting their turn, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. The shearers are men as well as women. Some of our fair readers will conclude that this must be a degrading scene. But how else could the stock of wigs and frizettes and bands and top-pieces and curls which is needed to prop up the tottering beauty of the sex, be supplied? Tons of black silken hair, sheared in the manner above described from the heads of the peasant damsels of the south of France, are imported into this country annually.

There are fairs in other places in the south of France and in Brittany, where adventurous virtuosos buy up and shear the crops of the fair-haired damsels. At first blush, it would seem that female vanity would effectually prevent such a traffic as this. But cupidity and indolence are stronger passions than vanity; and fashion even lends its aid to this singular custom of parting with the finest ornament to the person which nature affords.

In Brittany, particularly, where the finest and most silken black is procured, it is the universal fashion, from childhood upwards, to wear caps so close as completely to conceal the hair. The peasant girls there have particularly fine hair, and in the greatest abundance. It is so common as not to be a mark of beauty; and the people are morally incapable of appreciating it as intrinsically beautiful and attractive. It is a truth which ought not to be told, perhaps, in presence of all our ladies, that the charming frizettes and tresses which beautify the heads of our blooming belles, may possibly have been shorn from Breton damsels of very filthy and loathsome habits.

The Bretons are neither Normans nor French, but more Welch than anything else; and they are wild and savage, and as idle and dirty as human nature can well be and exist. The poorer women wear their dresses till they become dirty, patched, tattered and ragged, so that the material of which they are made can scarcely be traced. The houses of the peasant are generally built of mud, and without convenience. The chestnut, which abounds in the country, furnishes to a considerable extent, the food of the poorer classes. Although inhabiting a fine country, capable of rendering them prosperous and wealthy, the Bretons grovel on in supine idleness and dirt. No wonder the women sell their hair, which is abundant and marketable. The people are accustomed to subsist upon the products of spontaneous crops. In the Pyrenees, the people are industrious and frugal, and the women are accustomed to regard a fine head of black or dark brown hair as only a luxuriant burden.—*Boston Courier.*

ON A READING IN MILTON.—In the beginning of Book II., of Paradise Lost, occur these lines:

"Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

Many read *barbaric* as an epithet of *pearl and gold*. So I have recently seen it quoted by one of England's most distinguished writers. The line should be punctuated so as to make the adjective descriptive of *kings*. Two considerations require this; the rhythm and the fact. The demi-cæsura can fall only after the word *barbaric*, if the reader desires to preserve the music of the verse; and according to the prevailing sentiment of the classic nations, only *persons* were denominated barbaric—never *gold and gems*.

THE DOGMAS OF TAOU, BUDDHA AND CONFUCIUS.

Dr. Medhurst, in his "Glance at the Interior of China," a work recently published in England, illustrates the conscious helplessness of the Chinese to walk by the higher precepts and principles contained in the dogmas of Taou, Buddha and Confucius, and the tendency to make this realized sense of inability an excuse for their neglect of their own religions, in the following legend in high favor among the Chinese:—

"In the course of conversation this day," writes Dr. Medhurst, "the guide related an old story. Formerly, he said, Confucius, Taou-Keun, and Buddha, the founders of the three sects of religion professed in China, were talking together in fairy-land, of the want of success which attended their doctrines in the world, and proposed a descent into those sublunary regions, to see if there were right-minded persons who might be commissioned to awaken the age.—After travelling for some days through town and country with little success, they came at length to a desert place, where the smoke of human habitations was not visible. The three sages being wearied with their journey, looked about for some place where they might quench their thirst, when suddenly they espied a fountain, and an old man sitting by to guard it.—They concluded that they had better ask him for a little drink, and consulted together on whom the task should fall of soliciting the favor. Come, said the other two to Buddha, your priests are in the habit of begging, you had better go forward and obtain permission to drink of the fountain. Buddha accordingly advanced and put in his petition. The old man asked—Who are you? I am, replied he, Shikyamuni, who formerly appeared in the west. Oh, you are the celebrated Buddha, then, of whom I have heard so much; you have the reputation of being a good man, and I cannot refuse you a draught of water; but you must first answer me a question, which, if you can do, you may have as much water as you please; but if not, you must go away empty. What is it? said Buddha. Why, said the old man, you Buddhists constantly affirm that men are equal, and admit neither of high nor low; how is it, then, that in your monasteries you have different degrees, namely, abbots, priests and novitiates? Buddha could not answer, and was obliged to retire. The sages then deputed Taou-Keun to go and ask for water, who, on coming up to the old man, was asked his name. I am Taou-Keun, was the reply. Oh, the founder of the Taou sect, said the old man; I have heard a good account of you; but you must answer me a question, or you get no water. What is it? Pray announce it. Why, you Taoists talk about the elixir of immortality—have you such a thing? Yes, said Taou-Keun, it is the partaking of this that has rendered me immortal. Well, then, said the old man, why did you not give a little to your own father, and prevent his decease? Taou-Keun could not reply, and was obliged to retire, saying to Confucius, Come, brother, you must try your skill, for I can make nothing of the old man. Confucius therefore advanced with the same request. And who are you? said the ancient. I am K'hung-chung-ne, of the Loo country, said he. Oh, the celebrated Confucius, the sage of China; I have heard of your discourses on filial piety, but how is it that you do not act up to them? You say, 'When parents are alive, do not wander far; and if you do, have some settled place of abode;' why then have you strayed away to this uninhabited region? Confucius was unable to reply, and retired. Upon this, the three worthies consulted together about this old man, and came to the conclusion that, as he was such an intelligent man, they could not light upon a better individual to revive their doctrines, and spread them through the world. They therefore came to him with the above named proposition. But the old man replied, with a smile: Gentlemen, you do not seem to know who or what I am. It is the upper part of me only that is flesh and blood, the lower part is stone; I can talk about virtue, but not follow it out. This the sages found was the character of all mankind, and, in despair of reforming the world, returned to the aerial regions."

HOW TO SHARE FRIENDSHIP AND SECRETS.—Livingstone, in his "Travels in Central Africa," gives an account of a ceremony called *Kasendi*, which seems to answer to a certain romantic want of our nature:

"The hands of the parties are joined—small incisions are made on the clasped hands, on the pits of the stomach of each, and on the right cheeks and foreheads. A small quantity of blood is taken off from these points in both parties by means of a stalk of grass. The blood from one person is put into a pot of beer, and that of the second into another; each then drinks the other's blood, and they are supposed to become perpetual friends or relations. During the drinking of the beer, some of the party continue beating the ground with short clubs, and utter sentences by way of ratifying the treaty. The men belonging to each then finish the beer. The principals in the performance of '*Kasendi*' are henceforth considered blood relations, and are bound to disclose to each other any impending evil."

HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS.

Let it not be a day to gormandize,
Be temperate in the use of goodly wine,
Be moderate on the turkeys and the pies,
A frugal and a thankful meal be thine.
Let some good deed be done ere thou shalt seek
The rest afforded by thy couch at night,
Let some kind action thy good feeling speak,
And some o'erburdened heavy heart make light.
Such acts are like the bread on water cast,
From out the fullness of a plenteous store,
For after many days and nights have passed,
They aye return to bless the giver more.
Such acts shall ensure the Millenium speed—
Such acts make Christmas Christ's Mass indeed.

CHINESE PROVERBS.—My books speak to my mind, my friend to my heart, Heaven to my soul, and all the rest to my ears. He who finds pleasure in vice, and pain in virtue, is a novice in both. We can do without the world, but we need a friend. When men meet, they listen to one another; women and girls look at each other. The dog in the kennel barks at his fiend: the dog who hunts does not feel them. Great minds have wills: others have only wishes. One day is worth three to him who does everything in its order. Who is the greatest liar? He who talks the most of himself.

A BACHELOR'S DEFENCE.—Bachelors are styled by married men who have put their foot into it, as only half-perfected beings, cheerless vagabonds, but half a pair of scissors, and many other titles are given them; while on the other hand, they extol their state as one of such perfect bliss, that a change from earth to heaven would be somewhat of a doubtful good. If they are so happy, why don't they enjoy their happiness, and hold their tongues about it? What do half the men get married for? Simply that they may have somebody to darn their stockings, sew buttons on their shirts, and trot their babies; that they may have somebody, as a married man once said, "to pull off their boots when they are a little balmy." These fellows are always talking of the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness, indeed! Who is petted to death by ladies with marriageable daughters!—invited to tea and to evening parties, and told to drop in just when it is convenient? The bachelor. Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls who couldn't entrap him? The bachelor. Who strews flowers on the married man's grave?—his widow! Not a bit of it; she pulls down the tombstone that a six weeks' grief has set up in her heart, and goes and gets married again, she does. Who goes to bed early because time hangs heavily on his hands? The married man. Who gets a scolding for picking out the softest part of the bed, and for waking up the baby when he turns out in the morning? The married man. Who has wood to split, house hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash and the lazy servants to look after? The married man. Who is taken up for whipping his wife? The married man. Who gets divorced? The married man. Finally, who has got the Scripture on his side? The bachelor. St. Paul knew what he was talking about—"He that marries does well; he that marries not does better."

THE LITERATURE OF THE PLAY-GROUND.—Who cannot recall the sports of the school-house play-ground—ball, jumping, running, forming "a ring," snapping the whip, &c.? Speaking of these sports, our eye just caught the following, which we clip from the Boston Saturday Evening News Letter. We know it will be like old times to many of our readers:

"We know of no better way to bring a smile to Young America's face, than by giving place to some of the queer literature of the play-ground. It has always amused us, and as we have grown into manhood, many a time on hearing the quaint rhymes and absurd concatenation of ideas, have we tried to fathom the origin and meaning of them. Of course our wits were unable to solve the riddle, and we have yet to hear that anybody ever did. One "count out" we remember is this:—

"One-ery, two-ery, Ickery, an,
Hobtail, vinegar, tittle and tan,
Harum, scarum,
Madgerum, marum,
Get out, you little old man."

Another runs as follows:

Hinks, spinks,
The devil winks.
The fat's beginning to fry;
Nobody's at home,
But jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.
O—U—T out,
With a long, black snout,
Out, pout out.

Hickory, dickory, dock Ann,
Busybody over span,
Rary, pary, Virgin Mary,
Pit, pout, out, out.

Such gibberish as the following we never heard without a hearty laugh, and wonder who invented it:—

One-ery, two-ery, dickery, deven,
Arrebone, crackabone, ten or eleven;
Spin, span, must go an,
Twiddle'em, twoddle'em, twenty-one.
Hawkers, baulk'em, beany Crawkam,
Biddlecome, biddlecome, buddlecome,
O—U—T out.

WAS BURNS HAPPY AT HOME?—But why not say that the three years he lived at Ellisland were all happy, as happiness goes in the world? His wife never had an hour's sickness, and was always cheerful as day, one of those

"Sound, healthy children of the God of Heaven,"

whose very presence is positive pleasure, and whose silent contentedness with her lot inspires comfort into a husband's heart, when at times oppressed with a mortal heaviness that no words could lighten. Burns says, with gloomy grandeur, "There is a foggy atmosphere native to my soul in the hour of care which makes the dreary objects seem larger than life." He who suffers thus cannot be relieved by any appliances save those that touch the heart—the homelier the more sanative—and none so sure as a wife's affectionate ways, quietly moving about the house affairs, which, insignificant as they are in themselves, are felt to be little truthful realities that banish those monstrous phantoms, showing them to be but glooms and shadows—*Professor Wilson's Essays.*

THE WILD DOG.—The wild dog is about eighteen inches high, of a brick-red or bright fox-color, with a thick, bushy tail tipped with black; the ears are also black, pointed and upright. They are the most determined enemies of the tiger, hunting him whenever they meet with him. I have been assured by Bheels, that they have sometimes seen a tiger attempt to save himself by climbing trees. On the approach of the men the wild dogs dispersed, when the tiger jumped down and gladly made his escape. This I firmly believe to be a fact; for the story arose out of a casual remark one Bheel made to another in my hearing, as we were passing a certain large tree (with a straight stump about five yards high before the branches began, up which a tiger had jumped,) in another part of the country over which I was hunting. Perhaps these dogs hunt the tiger for poaching on their deer, or it may be only the old antipathy between cat and dog on a large scale.—*Tiger-Shooting in India.*

KNOCKING OUT TEETH, FOR BEAUTY.—All the Batoka tribes follow the curious custom of knocking out the upper front teeth at the age of puberty. This is done by both sexes; and though the under teeth, being relieved from the attrition of the upper, grow long and somewhat bent out, and thereby cause the under lip to protrude in a most unsightly way, no young woman thinks herself accomplished until she has got rid of the upper incisors. This custom gives all the Batoka an uncouth, old-man-like appearance.—*Dr. Livingstone.*

TO THE WEST! TO THE WEST!

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I.

To the West! to the West! to the land of the free!
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.
Where children are blessings, and he who hath most
Hath skill for his fortune and riches to boast;
Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the West!

II.

To the West! to the West! where the rivers that flow,
Run thousands of miles, spreading out as they go:
Where the green waving forests that echo our call,
Are wide as old England, and free to us all;
Where the prairies, like seas where the billows have rolled,
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the West!

III.

To the West! to the West! there is wealth to be won—
The forest to clear is the work to be done;
We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair,
While there's light in the sunshine, and breath in the air.
The bold independence that labor shall buy,
Shall strengthen our hands, and forbid us to sigh.
Away, far away, let us hope for the best,
And build up a home in the Land of the West!

PREJUDICES OF THE ARAB PEASANTRY OF EGYPT.—A general prejudice restrains the mothers from ever washing their children until the age of eight or nine years. From another superstitious prejudice, still more singular, they will not brush the flies from their faces, and all the children you meet are literally covered with their bites. A tradition is preserved among the Arabs and Fellahs, which sufficiently shows the implacable hatred cherished through generations by a people who have been subject to such suffering. When a Fellah wishes to apply the most contemptible epithet to any one, to convey the greatest insult, he calls him *son of Pharaoh.*

The heat was excessive at the time of the death of an obnoxious personage, and the Fellahs affirmed "that the gates of hell had opened to receive his soul."—*St. Hilaire's Travels in Egypt.*

Useful Receipts.

BOILED CORNED BEEF.—This is a staple of food in a majority of families during several months of the year, and in most cases the cooking may be greatly improved. The two chief errors are, *first* in not cooking it long enough, and *second* in losing a large proportion of its real nutriment. We always prefer it prepared as follows:—Soak in warm, not hot water, just long enough to take out all excess of salt. Then cover it so that the steam will condense upon the under side of the cover and fall back. This will prevent boiling away, and also the loss of much of the nutriment which goes off with the steam. Boil the meat several hours or until it is so thoroughly done that it will not hold together to be lifted with a fork. If there be any bones take them out, since if cooked enough the meat will cleave from them readily. Pack the meat by itself in a deep dish, mixing well together the lean and fat portions. Next skim the fat *and boil the liquor down so that when poured* over the meat it will just fill the spaces between the pieces. Then lay over the whole a flat cover which will fit into the dish, put on a dozen or twenty pounds weight, and let it stand until cold. Several flat irons or a large stone will answer for the weight, or if convenient it may be set under a cheese-press. Prepared in this way, the poorest piece of tough corned beef will be made tender and juicy. Boiling down and using the liquid, saves the *most nutritious* portion which is usually thrown away. The gelatine of the condensed gravy, when cold forms a solid mass with the meat, which may then be cut up into slices for serving upon the table. If the fat and lean portions be mixed, when cut up cold, the pieces will present a beautiful marbled appearance. Corned beef prepared in this way will not only be eaten with a superior relish, but will not on account of its toughness, be swallowed half masticated; it produces irritation in the stomach, and yields only a portion of its substance as nutriment. Over the common process, there is only the extra trouble of the additional boiling and pressing, which are amply repaid by the saving of nutriment, while a cheaper quality of beef will be rendered wholesome and profitable. Try this mode and you will not willingly go back to the hard boiled "inevitable salt junk."

Mutton cooked in the above manner is very nice."—*American Agriculturist.*

INDIAN MEAL DOUGHNUTS.—A teacup and a half of boiling milk, poured on two teacups of sifted Indian meal. When it is cold add two teacups of wheat flour, one teacup of butter, one and a half of sugar, one of yeast, and two eggs, with a table-spoonful of cinnamon or grated nutmeg. If not sufficiently stiff, add equal portions of wheat and Indian meal. Let it rise till very light. Roll it about half an inch thick, and cut it into small diamond-shaped cakes, and boil them in lard.

CHAPPED HANDS.—The application of raw linseed oil at night and morning is said to be an effectual cure and preventive of this troublesome complaint.

TO CURE BACON WITHOUT PICKLE.—After the hams and shoulders are cut, score the skin at the leg in the narrowest place once, not cutting the meat.

Take four pounds fine salt, four ounces brown sugar, two ounces saltpetre; pulverize the saltpetre, and mix the ingredients together; rub the meat thoroughly with the mixture, skin as well as flesh side, working some of it in round the coupling bone in the hams with the finger, and lay the meat skin side down on a board. If any of the mixture remains, in five or six days give it an additional rubbing; in sixteen days it will be ready for smoking. A large washing tub is best to rub in.

It is not necessary that it should be smoked immediately. The writer usually has killed about Christmas, and not smoked till the latter part of the second month. Twenty-eight years' experience has fully tested the sufficiency of the above with myself and others. I have never put ham, shoulder or jole in a tub to cure since I have been a housekeeper. If we are not mistaken, a ham, cured after this mode, took a premium at the late Exhibition of the Bucks County Agricultural Society.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

AUSTRALIA.

High overhead the golden stars are shining,
In tranquil beauty, down on earth and me;
I am not sad, I am not weakly pining,
And yet I sit and sigh, and think of thee!
I think how by some lone Australian fountain,
While thy steed bends his graceful head to drink,
Thy thoughts may fly o'er desert, wave and mountain,
Thy lips may tremble, and thy heart may sink.

Oh, wanderer! more between us now is lying,
Than e'er we dreamed of in those days of yore!
Hearts changed, hopes dead, and old affections dying,
And the blue sea that sweeps from shore to shore!
How true the words I spoke when last I met thee,
While the still moon looked calmly on my pain—
"I go my way, and thou wilt soon forget me!
And we shall never—never meet again."

Are these the lips that trembled so repeating
Those bitter words, which time has proved so true?
Is this the heart that hushed its rapid beating,
When near my side thy well-known footsteps drew?
These eyes might look upon thy glorious beauty
And yet I doubt if tears would dim their light,
And time, and change, and grief, and care and duty,
All chill the welcome I should give to-night.

I have grown wise! The disciplines and trials
Through which I passed with bitter groans and tears,
Were but the golden hands upon God's dials,
Pointing me onward to serener years!
Beneath my feet the Enchanted Ground is lying,
Where my soul slumbered in its onward way—
And far above such idle grief and sighing,
I watch the dawning of a brighter day.

Yet though philosophy may form the pillow
On which I lay my careless head each night,
One look I cast across the heaving billow,
While the sweet stars send down their golden light.
For when the heart has known such deep affection,
Some watch above its grave will memory keep—
And now, to-night, each gentle recollection
May make me pensive, though I do not weep.

Thou and thy steed, beside the Australian fountain,
Rise up before me, when I think of thee—
Thy blue eyes looking o'er each distant mountain,
Back to thy home—perchance to love and me!
As some calm statue, in my mind I leave thee,
Content to think that thou art watching there;
And nought in life or death shall e'er bereave me
Of this fond image of what once was fair.

WINNIE.

Original Novelet.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance

OF

FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

[In order that our new subscribers may be able to go on with the "Raid of Burgundy," we condense the plot of the story, up to the present number, as follows:—

The scene is laid in the fifteenth century. Godfrey de Varens, a Gascon nobleman, returns from battle, bringing with him to his castle a young chevalier, named Armand Roger. An attachment springs up between De Varens' daughter, the Lady Margaret, and Armand Roger, which is interrupted by the father's discovering that Roger is a convert to Protestantism. Furious at this discovery, he separates the lovers, and Roger leaves the castle. Roger still lingers in its vicinity, however, and after several clandestine meetings between the lovers, they are privately married by the priest, Father Antoine. Spies convey this intelligence to De Varens, and in the dead of night, Father Antoine, wakened by the noise of a struggle in the castle yard, sees lying there the insensible form of the Lady Margaret. From this time Armand Roger is seen no more.

Twelve years later, war is raging between Louis XI., of France, and Charles, Duke of Burgundy. At this time, De Varens, now an emissary in the pay of the French king, arrives with the Lady Margaret and a page named Alphonse, at the "Blue Boar" hostelry, on the road to Bruges, in Flanders. While here, the Lady Margaret is told by her cruel father that her daughter, the fruit of her union with Armand Roger, has not been, as she had supposed, destroyed at its birth, but has been conveyed to this inn, and is now here as the reputed child of the landlord, Pierre Bart. Shortly after, the Lady Margaret recognizes her offspring in a beautiful young girl, Angela: and Pierre Bart at about the same time remembers De Varens as the disguised man who, twelve years before, had left the child in his charge. Suddenly the guests are startled by the approach of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, with his army, on their way to attack the town of Liege. Pierre Bart provides for their safety by concealing them in the subterranean vaults of the hostelry, which are accessible from the inn only by a secret panel, and have another opening into a thicket of the adjacent forest. Meanwhile, Charles the Rash, as the Duke is called, arrives with his men, and takes up his quarters at the inn, disposing his army in the vicinity. Pierre Bart, fearing for Angela's safety, takes her to the mill of his brother-in-law, Maitre Jean, a few miles' distance in the forest. During his absence, De Varens gains access from the vaults, through the secret panel, into the chamber of Charles the Rash, and, as the emissary of King Louis, attempts the Duke's assassination. He fails, however, in consequence of dropping his lighted taper on the rushes which cover the floor, and which, igniting, awaken the Duke, who rushes out, raising the alarm. De Varens, unrecognized by Charles, and unable to find his way again into the vaults, gains the open air, and, in the general confusion, succeeds in making his way into the forest. Meanwhile, the fire spreads, and Pierre Bart, returning from the mill to behold his hostelry in flames, is seized by the soldiers, and accused by Charles of having plotted with the Liegois to effect his destruction by setting fire to the inn. The next day a battle takes place, and the town of Liege is taken by the Duke. Maitre Jean, hearing no news of his brother-in-law, tracks him to Liege, and finds him already nearly dead, he having been frightfully scourged by the order of Charles. Pierre is conveyed to prison, and Maitre Jean returns to watch over Angela. In the meantime, the Lady Margaret and the page Alphonse, left in the vaults of the burning hostelry, are rescued by Simon Gütt, Pierre Bart's Swiss groom, who, having been wounded by the soldiers in his escape from the inn into the forest, drags his way to the vaults by the forest entrance, and delivers the lady and the page just as they are on the verge of being suffocated by the smoke of the conflagration. De Varens, too, who wanders in the forest till he is nearly famished, is found by a pilgrim, who conducts him to the hut of a charcoal-burner, and who seems to have some good reason for being much interested in the French noble. It is at this point that the present chapter begins.]

CHAPTER XX.

THE MILL OF MAITRE JEAN.

With early dawn the coal-burner was stirring, and placed his simple fare before his guests. De Varens looked haggard, for slumber had not refreshed him. The monk's face, swarthy and impassible, made no revelation of his perturbed night. Few words were exchanged, and when they had broken fast, the guide pointed to the path which led to St. Tron.

"And you, good father! shall I be cheered by your ghostly company?" asked De Varens, when he had placed the morion on his head, and thrown over his surcoat the brown frock lent him by the monk; for the morning was raw and chill, so that the noble shivered as he emerged from the hut.

"I journey to the city of Paris, son," answered the monk, in his distinct tones. 'But I travel slowly, and as a pilgrim."

"If it be to your mind, sir monk, I shall be glad of your company," said De Varens, who was superstitious enough to believe that a priest's companionship might in some measure protect a layman; or perhaps with more shrewdness he foresaw dangers in his attempt to reach the French borders, which he deemed might as well be shared by a companion. The monk, on his part, accepted the invitation in a speech of much humility, after which, following the coal-burner, they traversed a league of the forest, until, reaching the river side, they discerned the mill of St. Tron. The coal-burner knelt for a parting benediction from his saintly guest, received another coin from De Varens, and then retracing his steps in the forest was soon lost to sight. Meantime the noble, entering the mill of Jean Schaeffer, encountered suddenly the figure of Mama Babette, who sat in a wooden chair in the lower room. The old woman, in raising her eyes suddenly, found them overlooked by the hard gaze of the Frenchman, and involuntarily uttered a cry, which was as speedily hushed by a frown from De Varens, who demanded, sharply,

"Where is thy master—the miller?"

"He has journeyed away, my lord," answered the old woman, trembling, though she endeavored to conceal it beneath the gloomy regards of De Varens. "He went forth to seek his brother, the publican, whose house—"

"Ay! I know all about that," rejoined the noble. "The hostelry is burned, and the miller with it, doubtless—together with—"

"*She* is here," interrupted the crone.

"The child!"

"Pierre Bart brought her hither two nights ago, and here she still remains, my lord."

The noble was silent for a moment, passing his hand across his brow. Then, as if with a sudden resolve, he was about to speak again, when the monk appeared upon the threshold, holding by her hand the child Angela, who, radiant in her beauty, but with a troubled look, drew back as she perceived the strange noble in company with Mama Babette.

"Do the mills of Flanders hide many little *ones like this?*" spoke the friar in his calm voice, as he looked kindly down upon the young maid. "She tells me she is called Angela, and the name is surely well bestowed."

"Child! dost remember me!" asked De Varens, grimly smiling, as he reached forth, and then suddenly withheld, his hand.

"Ah! my father! where is my father?" murmured Angela, as, still clinging to the monk's hand, she advanced shrinkingly. "They say that our house is burned—and—oh, noble sir! where is my dear father? where is poor Simon Gütt?" As she spoke thus in a stifled voice, the child sank upon her knees, extending one arm, and looking up to De Varens with a tearful glance, while her young heart swelled and throbbed with emotion.

The noble hesitated a moment, and his hard, cold eyes seemed to discover something akin to admiration, if not sympathy. Then with less austerity than before, he said,

"Thy father, child? What if I have come to take thee to him?"

"Oh! he is not dead, then, noble sir! Those fierce men did not kill him?"

"We shall see in good time, little one! Mama Babette will take thee in charge till we seek thy father—eh? wilt be content?"

With these words, and while the monk drew Angela toward the door, endeavoring to soothe her grief, which had broken out into sobs and tears, De Varens turned aside to the old woman, and began to converse with her in low tones; the result of their colloquy being that Franz, the servant of the mill, was ordered by Babette to make ready for a journey, by gearing the light cart in which Jean Schaeffer, with a small, Flemish horse, was wont to ride to neighboring towns. Franz, with a stolid look, received the silver coin which De Varens tendered, and soon brought the wain to the mill door; while the woman Babette, moving with more than usual alacrity, collected various articles of property, which she deposited in a chest that was immediately transferred to the waiting cart.

In an hour's time—during which Angela continued prattling with the monk, who seemed evidently to have won her confidence, while De Varens, relapsed into his usual gloomy mood, sat near the blazing fire, and Dame Babette bustled back and forth through the mill—the wain stood ready laden, and the child, in obedience to a command from the old woman, made ready her simple apparel.

"Is Uncle Jean with my father?" she ventured to ask, addressing the strange guest, though her glance was averted towards the crone.

De Varens started suddenly, and said—

"Is't not enough thy father wants thee, chit?"

Angela trembled, and remained silent, but a sudden fear stole into her heart that she essayed in vain to account for. Mama Babette then took her hand and led her to the wagon, into which Franz, standing sheepfaced before the grim stranger, lifted her slight form.

"Now, Babette, for the varlet's raiment," said De Varens.

And at the word, the crone took from an open chest a capacious miller's frock, the holiday garb of Jean Schaeffer. This De Varens threw over his surcoat, and covering the steel-bound morion with a dusty miller's hat that hung upon a peg, became at once metamorphosed, so far as appearance could go, into a plain peasant of the Flemish provinces.

"How, father! will not the disguise be sufficient to baffle these hounds of Burgundy?" demanded the old noble of his clerical companion, who nodded gravely in response. "Get thee now if it please thee into the wain, with the girl. And thou, Babette, follow, while I take the miller's post at the beast's bridle."

The monk seated himself beside Angela, and Mama Babette clambered to a place behind them, while De Varens grasped the headgear of the miller's horse. Franz the serving-man, accustomed to obey without question the harsh mandates of his master's housekeeper, ventured not to utter a word as the wagon moved off; but when it had passed the open space before the mill, and entered into the forest, he took post by the blazing fire, and appeared to ruminate deeply upon the singular manner in which Dame Babette, who never left the mill save to hear mass in a neighboring chapel, had now departed with the strange monk and moody gentleman, to the latter of whom she seemed so familiarly known.

But Franz was not given to long meditation, and he had already begun to nod with drowsiness, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and starting he beheld his master, Jean Schaeffer.

"How now, Franz, boy?" asked Maitre Jean, in a voice that sounded broken and hollow, "what dost here, slumbering in the morning hours? Where be Dame Babette and the child?"

Franz looked up vacantly; but an expression of interest came into his eyes as he noticed that his master's usually ruddy cheeks were blanched and haggard, as with grief and suffering.

"God-a-mercy, master!" cried he, "what evil hath chanced?"

"Enough—enough, Franz!" relied Maitre Jean. "But, haste thee! bid Angela hither, and make ready all to leave this place, and that right speedily. There be no safety for lowly men where the armed heel and plumed head do enter. Haste thee, lad, and bid the dame hither."

"Alack! didst meet them not?" asked Franz, whose dull sense was all absorbed in contemplating the marked change which had come over his master.

"Meet! Whither went they?" demanded Jean Schaeffer, quickly.

"Truly, the mistress and sweet Angela did go forth an hour since, with a priest and a strange gentleman, who did say the child must go to her father."

"Ah! blessed Mary!" cried the miller lifting his hand to his brow. "Babette, sayst thou? and the child, Franz? Ah! it must be *he*—and Babette hath journeyed with them, that no harm might befall Angela! Alas! poor Pierre, thy fear was not groundless! But all is one to thee now, brother o' mine!"

The miller, as he spoke, sat down and leaned his head upon the table, absorbed in bitter reflection. Tears gushed from his eyes and trickled between the fingers that clasped his fevered forehead. At length, however, he arose, comparatively calm, and bidding the servant follow him, traversed the few apartments of the mill, while Franz related to him the particulars of the stranger's visit and the subsequent departure of the housekeeper. At last, as the sun began to decline in the western sky, the miller's brief arrangements were completed, and collecting together his chiefest treasures—the books which formed his small but priceless library—he loaded, with these and other effects, a rough but strong Flemish pony, which Franz brought from the sheds, and then, after securing the mill door, and affixing to its lintel a fragment of wood, whereon he hastily inscribed a few words, the miller Jean Schaeffer grasped his oaken staff, and, followed by his marveling servitor, went forth for the last time from the home that he had occupied since his wandering life had rested at St. Tron. Presently, while the day waned, all things grew silent around the building, save, at times, the creaking of the shifting mill-wheels.

Thus hours passed, until the twilight began to approach, at which time there emerged from the forest-shadows three horses; the first bestridden by a man clad in homely garb, but sitting erect in his saddle, while behind came a lady closely veiled, supported slightly by the arm of a youth who rode the steed beside her. It was Simon Gütt, with the Lady Margaret and the page Alphonse, who, having escaped from the vaults, were now seeking the mill of Maitre Jean. The Swiss advanced first and knocked at the closed door.

"Ho! Maitre Jean! Franz!" called Simon Gütt.

But no response came, and Alphonse cried, suddenly,

"Look! the door is barred upon this side! There can be no one abiding within!"

"What is that fastened upon the lintel?" said Margaret, who now with pale cheeks pressed nearer to the door.

Alphonse at the same moment spied the wooden tablet which Maitre Jean had left, and *drawing it from beneath the bar that had confined it, read aloud*—

"Wolves invade the dwellings of men, and the shepherd devours his sheep. I depart, leaving my dead behind me. To the free land of Switzerland tyranny cannot follow; or if it comes thither, it will find a bloody grave.

"JEAN SCHAEFFER, the miller."

"Gone!" cried Simon Gütt, sinking his voice to a whisper, "to Switzerland!"

"Angela! Oh! Angela! was she not here? Didst thou not tell me?" cried Margaret.

"Maitre Jean will protect the child! even if Pierre Bart be slain!" answered the Swiss, earnestly. "Maitre Jean is wise and discreet!"

"And whither hath he departed?" asked Margaret, imploringly.

"To the free Swiss valleys," responded Simon Gütt, a glow of enthusiasm lighting up his features.

"Then to the Swiss valleys I will follow. Angela is with this Maitre Jean, saidst thou not that, my friend!" The Lady Margaret, as she uttered these words, seemed to cast off the yielding character which had previously marked her demeanor, and to be suddenly inspired with resolution.

"Maitre Jean, without doubt, dear lady, hath fled from the mill to escape these men-of-war, who, I fear me, have slain my master, Pierre Bart."

"And can'st thou conduct us upon the road which he must take?"

"With the help of God," answered Simon Gütt, solemnly, "I will lead you on the way."

"It is enough! Alphonse—*my* home henceforth is with *her*!" The lady placed her white hand on the page's arm as she spoke, and cried, "Ride on! Let us seek Maitre Jean."

CHAPTER XXI.

KING LOUIS AND DUKE CHARLES.

Louis XI. sat in his cabinet in close converse with a man whose slightly-grizzled locks denoted that he had passed the meridian of life, while the hard, unyielding lines of his countenance attested the cynical cast of his character. The monarch himself, at this period, was one in whose features a life of treachery and dissimulation had marked its peculiar impress. Master of the French realm by the death of his father, from whom during years he had been bitterly estranged, he was not the favorite of nobles or citizens. The first year of his accession had beheld him in open conflict with the princes and great lords of the kingdom, and after that contest was decided, he found himself menaced, as has been seen, by formidable confederacies of which Charles the Rash of Burgundy was ever the guiding spirit. Nevertheless, while occupying himself by turns in arms or diplomacy to overthrow his opponents, he constantly kept in view the aggrandizement of the throne, and schemed without ceasing for the reduction of feudalism, that terror of the royal state. While with one hand he repressed and punished severely every attempt at revolt in his dominions, he sought with the other to cast some firebrand of disaffection into neighboring states, that in the end he might profit by the divisions of his foes. He wheedled the populace with honeyed affability, whilst he levied taxes remorselessly throughout every district. He disgraced the highest vassals by arbitrary commands, thus alienating the Dukes of Britany, Guienne, and Orleans from the support of the crown. He deprived his brother, Charles de Berri, of his patrimonial estates, and detained that Prince in Paris, surrounded and watched by spies. He attacked the bishops in their privileges, and imposed sumptuary laws upon the gentry, superseding by his selfish amusements the gayer manners of his father's court, and making hunting-matches take the place of brilliant fêtes. Yet while running counter to the wishes and customs of his subjects in so great a degree, he possessed the art constantly to create jealousies between classes and individuals so as to prevent combinations against his authority, and by stimulating conflicting interests into hatred and distrust of each other, he laid the surest foundation for the future impotence and ruin of all who should make head against his supremacy. It was Louis who wrote to his agents when conducting negociations with rival monarchs or their ambassadors, "If they lie well to you, do you lie well also." And it was he who commanded that the only Latin which his son, the dauphin, must be taught should be "*Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare*"—"who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to reign." Such was Louis the Eleventh, and his mind was portrayed in his face—in the forehead narrow and retiring, the small, deep eyes, the protuberant nose, the bulging cheeks, and double chin, that under the close-fitting cap which he usually wore seemed less the countenance of a monarch than of a huckster. He was mild in demeanor, but it was the mildness of the cat with concealed claws. He would fawn upon the man whom he hated intensely, and jest with one whose death was determined upon, and whose executioner stood ready at the door. Machiavel might have sat at his feet to learn tricks of monarchcial policy, and the Borgias were not readier with secret means wherewith to destroy opposition than was this King, who regarded oaths to be mere shifts, and assassination a necessity of state policy. At this period of his reign Louis found himself opposed by one dangerous enemy as resolute as himself. The battle of St. Tron and subsequent capture of Liege had placed the Duke of Burgundy once more in possession of his provinces: but the enmity of Louis of France could not long permit him to remain in quiet. Duke Francis of Brittany, of whom Charles was the sworn ally, was likewise an object of hatred to the French King; and so not many months were suffered to elapse ere the troops of Louis advanced into Normandy and Anjou. The Breton Duke was driven from stronghold to stronghold, until at length, dreading the arms of France, he signed a treaty with her monarch, by which he renounced his alliance with Burgundy. At the moment when this capitulation was consummated, Charles the Rash was advancing with succor to Brittany: but, informed of the treachery of his confederate, he halted in Peronne awaiting the movements of Louis.

At this crisis, the King of France, at the head of an army flushed with successes, might have risked an open battle with the Burgundians, and in all probability triumphed in the conflict: but Louis, always a politician more than a soldier, prided himself upon strategy and diplomacy, to overreach rather than to subdue. He hesitated before advancing to attack, and with his novel artifice sought to sow distractions in the dominions of his rival. Liege still smarted under the punishment meted by the revengeful Duke, and Louis reckoned upon her renewed disaffection as the first means of dividing the operations of Charles the Rash.

"My good Sir Godfrey," said the King, laying his hand familiarly upon the arm of his companion, who stood in the embrasure of a window, "that was a merry hunt thou hadst in the St. Tron forest—when the Burgundians were the hunters—eh, my good friend?"

"The hunter 'scaped quite as narrowly, if thou rememberest, my liege," answered the Sieur de Varens; for it was he who talked with the King: "Duke Charles was never nearer to his death than when my dagger hung above him."

"The blow had been well struck," said Louis; "'twould have saved much blood and treasure that must yet be spent to tame a madman. Well, good my lord, the next venture may turn out better. But, thou didst lose thy daughter and a follower in that ill-timed mill burning—'twas too much, surely! but we will make amends, Sir Godfrey."

Louis fixed his keen eye upon De Varens, as he said this, and saw his words evidently relished by the hearer.

"In good sooth," he continued, "thou hast been but ill paid, Sir Godfrey, for years of service! It must be looked to! I'll wager thy Gascon estates are not measured by milestones!"

"My liege sees no richer man in Godfrey de Varens this day, than he beheld when I served among the Pragons."

The King's brow contracted, for he liked not to recall the period when, at the head of a rebellious populace, he waged the war of the *Praguerie* against his father, Charles VII. But in a moment afterwards, he smiled affably, and said, "There will be rich lands and fair cities for our faithful French, when the mad Duke shall pull Burgundy about his ears. Meantime, my friend, we will assist him. I have instant business for you, at that same Liege, and it may be in St. Tron, and Huy, and Brussels itself. Here are some hints, which one discreet as Godfrey de Varens can follow for his King's advantage." He placed in the noble's hand a roll of parchment. "There are letters, to be delivered to certain of our good friends among the citizens: and thou mayst say that Louis will be near enough to hear the first alarm-bell, when Liege revolts against her tyrant. Dost comprehend, my lord?"

"Assuredly," replied De Varens; "and though but a dull Gascon, I shall remember, too, what my liege hath said concerning certain Burgundian estates and appanages."

"Go," laughed Louis, pinching the arm of his confederate. "Thou wilt find that Louis the King remembers the friends of Louis the Dauphin. Was I not myself the poorest King's son that ever lived? Go, my friend! When Burgundy falls, we shall all be rich."

The monarch and subject exchanged glances, and each saw the character of the other; for each looked with the cold eye of self-interest. De Varens went forth to prepare for his journey to Liege, and Louis called to him his counsellors of that time, the Count de St. Pol, and Chabannes the Count de Dammartin.

Meantime, Charles the Rash, making his head-quarters at Peronne, collected thither the levies which he had ordered from various portions of his dominions, as well as the neighboring neutral States—Flemings of the rural districts, men of Burgundy, Picards, soldiers of Savoy, Luxembourg, citizens of Namur, Brussels, and men of Hainault and Gueldres, with not a few Spaniards and Italians, together with bands of English adventurers. By means of his numerous spies, Louis had become well aware of the material at his rival's disposal, and hesitated before proffering battle, lest another victory on the part of Charles might place the French borders at his mercy. He resolved to tamper, to treat, and thus, if possible, throwing the Burgundian off his guard, to cause the disbandment of the formidable array that he had gathered. It was a project worthy of his diplomacy, so thought the crafty Louis: and, assured of his powers of persuasion, he suddenly demanded a safe conduct of Charles, and accompanied by less than a hundred knights and his Scotch guard of some two hundred, set out to visit his "good cousin" at Peronne, avowing his intention to reinstate peace and good fellowship. Charles received him with frank welcome, and with his own hands assisted him to alight from the mule on which he rode.

"We were brothers once at Genappe, my dear Charles," said the King, in a tender tone. "To thee, my friend, I owed both my life and crown. Thou wert then Charolais—I the poor Dauphin! Shall we not be friends—brothers—once more?"

"With all my heart, brother of France," replied Charles, grasping the hand which Louis extended. "Nathless it was not well to make Francis break faith with me!"

"Tush!" said the King, sinking his voice, "Thou and I know these faint hearts!. They look to thee, as the strong arm, to redress their petty grievances; but in time of danger to thee, God wot, where are they?"

"Danger to Burgundy hath not yet happed, my good cousin," answered the Duke, scornfully. "Look about you, upon these comrades o' mine, and say if I need Brittany at my back."

"Of a certainty you have a noble army, my friend, and 'twere foul shame we should let such tall fellows hack or be hacked to pieces in foolish quarrels. You and I must settle these matters, as at Genappe, when we quarreled over our cups. Eh, Charles, my child, when De Lannoy and De Crequi told their merry jests, and we rehearsed the plots of the Hundred Novels." Saying this, in allusion to his sojourn when Dauphin at the chateau of Genappe, in Burgundy, surrounded by the wits of the age, Louis threw his arm about the neck of Charles, and together they walked within the gates of Peronne.

But at this moment, the grand banner of Burgundy, followed by a thousand knights and men-at-arms, entered from the opposite gate. At the head of the troop rode the Marshal of Burgundy, surrounded by a crowd of exiles from France, who had been proscribed by Louis as his enemies. These people, many of them French nobles of high name, who now wore the Burgundian cross, recognized the French monarch, and, as they beheld his affectionate embrace of the Duke, set up a murmur of disapproval, which sounded threatening in the ears of Louis.

"How, now, my lord Duke!" cried a cavalier of large frame, who rode a gallant charger and whose arms, glittering with ornament, presented a strong contrast to the plain gray coat worn by Charles, who ever effected a proud simplicity. It was Charles de Berri, brother of the King of France, and constant enemy of his royal relative, who had lately escaped from Paris and joined the Duke of Burgundy. "How now," he repeated, scarcely appearing to notice the presence of the French King—"are we to remain here, like women, in Peronne, whilst your grace's mortal foes (he glanced here significantly at the French monarch) are stirring up mutiny in your cities?"

"Ay, my lord duke," interposed another of the retinue, whose marked Gascon lineaments

MAIL-CART IN NORTHERN INDIA: OFFICER ON HIS WAY TO JOIN THE DELHI ARMY.

(FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. G. F. ATKINSON, B. E.)

The above sketch represents the style of vehicle in which the mails are conveyed throughout Northern India. Where the roads are good the cart is drawn by one horse, and this is usually the case, but a second one is attached to an outrigger when the roads are in bad order. The two horses, of course, facilitate the progress over hilly ground, except when the animals choose to move in different directions, which is by no means unfrequently the case. The horses, or rather small Galloways—for these are best adapted to the work, exhibiting as they do the best blood in India—are urged at full speed, from which they never slacken until the stage is accomplished; this is limited to six miles, which is usually done in twenty-five minutes. Allowing for difficulty in starting, many of the horses being but half broken in, the average speed is from ten to eleven miles an hour.

The cart itself is a square, springless buggy, with extremely heavy shafts and wheels, and rough canvas hood, which is screwed on, should the traveller desire it. The driver wears the post-office livery of pea-green, with a crimson turban, and announces his approaching arrival at the various stations by a discordant blast upon his long horn. The horse-keeper perches himself behind to assist in putting things straight when they get disarranged, which is not unfrequently the case. The seat by the driver is for travellers, who pay at the rate of sixpence a mile, if in company with the mails, or one shilling a mile, if a special cart is engaged. The rapid pace, combined with the enlivening prospect of coming to a smash at any moment, renders the journey by the mail cart a pleasing variety to the ancient mode of travelling in a palanquin.

proclaimed him to be one of the family of d'Armagnac, "when your bishops are seized in their beds, and your standard-bearers cut in pieces, to make sport for Louis of France!" Charles of Burgundy started, and withdrew his arm from that of Louis, as the bold cavalier's words fell upon his ear; while the King, levelling a furtive glance at the speaker, recognized James d'Armagnac, Duke de Nemours, at that period a firm ally of the Burgundian Prince.

"What, gentlemen! what, gentlemen!" demanded Charles, fiercely, as he threw a fiery glance around the circle; "mean ye to insult our cousin of France, the guest of our courtesy!"

"We mean," answered James d'Armagnac, returning with bold look the glance of crafty malice which shot from the eyes of Louis; "that your grace's city of Liege is once more in open revolt—that sixteen canons of the church have been massacred, and that the rebels, led by the emissaries of France, have taken your town of Tongres by assault. Yonder stands a herald of the Sieur d'Himbercourt, who brings the news, himself having escaped barely with life to ride hither." As he spoke he pointed to a horseman who advanced slowly from behind the standard. This man was covered with blood which flowed from a wound in his head, and he tottered in his saddle as he rode near the Duke.

"By St. George! there be foul treachery here!" cried Charles, glaring upon Louis, who remained silent, with the same good-natured smile that he had worn throughout the interview. "Speak, man!" he cried to the messenger; "is Liege in rebellion? Is Tongres captured?"

"It is too true!" replied the herald, in a faint voice; "your grace's faithful subjects were murdered before these eyes!" The speaker ceased, reeled from his saddle, and fell heavily into the arms of a man-at-arms who stood beside him.

"By St. George! by our Lady!" cried the Duke, laying his hand on his sword-hilt, and half drawing the blade from its scabbard; "this is your work, my good King Louis! You shall repent it—you shall not go unpunished!" A red spot gathered on his brow, and his eyes, as they rested on Louis, grew fiery with wrath. The Burgundian knights and French exiles, thinking for a moment that Louis was to be instantly assaulted, pressed violently round the small band which followed the King; and the men of France, on the other hand, closed their ranks instantly, in order to protect their master; the Scotch knights rushing suddenly between Louis and the Duke. But the voice of Charles rose above the momentary tumult—

"My good cousin! my kind Louis! get thee away into the castle, or presently these friends of thine will make but one morsel of thy royalty! Get thee under shelter, I say!" He motioned back the Burgundian nobles, pointing at the same time to the open gates of the chateau of Peronne. Louis took the hint, which he saw was well-timed, in view of the threatening aspect of those about him; and, mounting his mule at once, placed himself in the midst of his guard, who, in close order, hurried forward into the castle court. Charles of Burgundy remained without; and no sooner did the chateau gates close upon his guest, than he stationed a strong body of archers around the building, as well as at the barriers of Peronne. Louis of France found himself suddenly a prisoner.

That night was a restless one in Peronne. The Duke passed it in a stormy passion; and his confidant, Philip de Comines, who attended in his bed chamber, beheld him stride the floor for hours, then dictate the terms of a treaty with Louis, and then, still refusing sleep, threaten fearful vengeance on his rebel subjects. With morning's dawn his passion only increased, and repairing to Louis, he demanded that the King should swear to assist him at once in putting down the revolted citizens.

"Sign and swear, my good cousin," he cried, affecting a courteous manner, though his voice was harsh with anger. "Sign the treaty that we have here prepared."

Louis glanced at the terms of the compact, which were all upon the side of Charles, stipulating for concessions, and enforcing demands that were sufficiently bitter and humiliating to France. The nobles who had accompanied the King to Peronne remonstrated loudly against the conditions; but Louis, resolved in his own mind to disregard his pledges, only replied,

"It must be so—the Duke wills it!"

He saw himself in the power of one as unscrupulous as himself when passion swayed him; and he could not choose but promise everything.

"Swear, now, good cousin, on the Cross of St. Lo!" cried Charles, and the King made oath upon the sacred relic which he always carried with him on his journeys.

When this was done, Charles, disguising his feelings, took the arm of Louis, and said, lightly,

"Now, sweet brother, ride with me at once to Liege, and let us seal our compact in the blood of those rebel burghers."

"Well said, brother Charles!" answered Louis, gaily. "Let us see who will strike hardest blows on their rascally heads! Hah!" he laughed, "could'st doubt my faith, dear friend? These Liegois varlets will repent that they lied about Louis, calling him friend and supporter! By our Lady! I itch to be cracking their thick pates!"

"Thou shalt not itch long, brother!" cried the Duke. "Let us to horse at once."

Few hours elapsed before the army of Charles was marching briskly upon the highway to Liege, before the gates of which they arrived in time to mingle in a conflict consequent upon a sortie of the besieged. Louis rode with Charles into the fray, the red cross of Burgundy glittering on his breast; and as he struck down a burgher of Liege, whose surcoat bore his own white and straight French cross, he shouted, above the battle-din,

"Long live Burgundy, and down with the rebels of Liege!"

The men of Liego, incited to revolt by the promises held out through Godfrey de Varens, who had assured them that Louis was advancing to their succor, could scarcely believe their senses when they beheld the banners of France and Burgundy advancing against their ill-defended walls. Nevertheless, convinced that they could expect no quarter from the enraged Duke, the citizens resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Eight days, with desperate valor, they withstood the assaults of cannon and archery: but at length, while the church-bells were ringing for High Mass on the Sabbath, the Burgundians, effecting a breach in the ramparts, poured into the ill-fated city. Horrible were the scenes which ensued, as the infuriated victors, crying "The town is won!" burst suddenly into dwellings and churches, slaying without mercy all whom they encountered; whilst Louis of France, his sword dripping with blood, laughed loud in echo of the frightful oaths which Charles le Téméraire hurled against the flying rebels.

But the Liegois fled not at once, even though the gates were levelled before the torrent of invaders. Throughout the day they continued to dispute, step by step, the possession of their city, making barricades of the corpses which strewed their streets. Sortie after sortie, in the very madness of despair, was made by bands of citizens who had fortified themselves in strong-built houses; and at times Burgundians, and Flemings, and French became mingled in combat, so that it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe. In one of these hand-to-hand combats, at the dusk of evening, Louis of France, as he rode swiftly after a troop of flying Liegois, beheld suddenly that a knight who bore the cross of Burgundy, was apparently bearing down upon him with lance in rest. Brandishing his sword, he spurred his horse to meet the assailant, and at the moment that he avoided the spear-thrust his blade rang like a sledge upon the helmet of his opponent. At the same instant, a man-at-arms sprang wildly from the porch of a dwelling near, and lifting a heavy mace, struck with all his force at the knight, breaking his spear in twain, and descending so heavily upon his horse's head, that the steed reeled and fell back upon his haunches, almost casting his rider upon the pavement.

"Hah! by St. George! what treachery is this?" cried the cavalier, in a tone of thunder, as he regained his seat in the saddle, and drew his sword.

"It is the Duke! the Duke!" exclaimed a dozen voices, as the Burgundians pressed around the knight.

"I cry you mercy, then, Sir Duke! God's grace! methought you were about to unhorse me!" exclaimed Louis, as Charles flung back his visor, and regarded him with a suspicious glance.

"I knew you well, brother!" said the Duke, "and had no thought of crossing blades! but that sword-blow might have done my business, had there been a flaw in the cap that took it! Ho! 'twas a rough jest, by your leave, brother Louis! And yonder over-zealous knave with the mace—methinks he seconded your courtesy right well; for my good steed's head is well nigh broken!"

Louis glanced at the man-at-arms, whose features, shaded by a Spanish hat, were undistinguishable in the twilight. The soldier leaned on his mace, and appeared to be unconscious of the rashness of the act which he had just committed. He wore no device of any kind on his surcoat, and was armed only with the mace on which he rested. At this moment, a new sortie of the Liegois from an adjoining street, arrested the notice of Charles, who, waving his hand to the King, cried, as he spurred his horse—"Have a care next time, dear brother, or Burgundy may not recognize France in a melée!" Louis drew his bridle also; but as he turned, he heard a voice mutter, "The next time, Burgundy, *my mace* shall not fail!" The next moment the man-at-arms moved suddenly from the spot where he had stood, and would have disappeared around the street angle, had not the King suddenly cried out—"Arrest—seize yonder man!"

A dozen archers sprang forward to execute the mandate; but a blow of the heavy mace levelled the foremost to the ground, and its bold wielder would still have escaped had not a French knight, Sir James Grosset, spurred his powerful steed upon the fugitive, who, to save himself from being ridden down was forced to seize the horse's reins, whereupon the archers closed in and overpowered him.

"A daring knave! a bold villain!" cried King Louis, as the stalwart man-at-arms was dragged near to him. "Have a care that he escapes not, Sir James Grosset! I leave him in your charge!"

That night the two Princes revelled together in the Bishop's palace of the ruined town, whilst massacre and conflagration rioted around them. Liege was given over to the license of the soldiery, and fearfully did her brave citizens expiate their long defence. But Charles and Louis quaffed wine together, talked of youthful days, and parted at length with mutual embraces and vows of constant friendship—the former to sleep off the effects of his debauch, and the latter to reflect with bitter rage upon the miscarriage of his finely-woven plot to overreach the "fool of Burgundy." He had set forth on his expedition to Peronne, confident of superior address and artifice, and resolved to win from Charles such terms of compromise as would most effectually divide his concentrated forces, by detaching him from his allies, and thus leave him exposed to future machinations which the wily French monarch had already in embryo; but the premature revolt of Liege, whilst yet he remained in the power of his adversary at Peronne, had cast his projects to the winds, jeopardized his life, and forced him to subscribe to a treaty galling to his pride. It was in no pleasant mood then, that, reviewing the ground he had lost, he received the announcement that Godfrey De Varens awaited an interview.

The Gascon entered, draped in a dark mantle which concealed his armor. He paused on crossing the threshold, as if to wait the greeting of his monarch. But Louis turned not his head toward his emissary, contenting himself with muttering—

"Thou art here, De Varens."

"I am here, at the service of my liege."

"Thou hast done good service already," cried Louis, sneeringly, as he turned and fixed his crafty eyes upon the Gascon. "What blundering fool allowed these knaves to fix the cross of France on their frontlets? How, now? Answer me, by whose orders was this done?"

"The citizens believed your royal—"

"Tush, man! The true plotter ever covers his tracks! There was no need to compromise thy King with these rascal traders! Go! thou hast botched thy work, De Varens!"

The Gascon's frame trembled with excitement, and he bit his lips to repress the violent reply that rose to his lips.

The wily King noticed his ill-concealed anger, and laughed in a low key.

"Well, let us forget it, De Varens," he said. "I'll warrant thou hast been oft in these citizens' sorties! Hah! and might have encountered thy good friend Louis!"

"The burghers fought like nobles!" said De Varens, endeavoring to appear unconcerned.

"Ay, the varlets handle their brands like born cheraliers," replied Louis. "But their master will now settle with them. As for us, my lord De Varens, we must hide our time! The treaty of Peronne will last till the King of France reaches Paris—no longer! Go, De Varens! There will be work for thee anon!"

De Varens paused a moment at the door of the apartment, his cold eye resting upon the specious face of his monarch; and then, as if with sudden resolution, he exclaimed—

"And when comes the division of profits, my royal lord!"

"Get thee hence, De Varens—I am weary!" said Louis, turning abruptly from the Gascon, who bowed low and departed. But as the latter reached the street, wherein, by the light of flaming torches, he could behold bands of Burgundians swaggering with bloody weapons, whilst ever and anon the shrieks of women from some invaded mansion, or the last groans of murdered men reached his ears, he griped his hands together and muttered, with a fierce malediction—"Get thee hence! Hah! is De Varens but the dog of Louis of France!"

Louis remained, for some moments after De Varens had departed in a thoughtful attitude, his fingers pressed against his brow and his lips working fretfully. At length he rose hastily and walked the chamber floor, muttering as he did so broken fragments of his meditations.

"Had that mace struck his head this day, my good cousin would have troubled me very little in the future. 'Twas a well-desit stip, by my troth! And the knave who struck—hah! he threatened a second. I had forgotten the stalwart varlet. Ho!" he called, aloud, reopening the door and addressing a guard who waited in the ante-room, "call Sir James Grosset hither, and bid him bring with him the fellow who bore the mace this day—of whom I commanded him to have strict care!"

In a few moments Grosset presented himself, followed by his prisoner; and was immediately dismissed to attend outside the pleasure of his monarch. Louis and the man-at-arms remained alone.

By the dim taper light which disclosed objects in the apartment, the King closely scanned the soldier whom he had caused to be arrested; but he evidently experienced disappointment in the scrutiny; for, instead of a ruffianly countenance lowering beneath shaggy locks, which he had fancied hidden by the Spanish hat that the man wore, he saw a face that was open and bluff in expression, though marked with a gloom that seemed like settled melancholy.

"Well, knave!" began the King, "we overheard thy muttered threat this day against our good cousin of Burgundy. So, thou art sure thy mace will not fail on the next trial!" he continued, repeating the words which the man-at-arms had imprudently uttered, in beholding Charles ride off after his accidental encounter with Louis.

The mace-bearer neither changed color nor appeared to falter as the monarch's mocking words fell upon his ears. He only raised his eyes, and asked quietly,

"Am I to be put to death at once for this, or must I be tortured?"

"Death! dost fear death, knave!" demanded Louis, in return.

"I fear nothing—I have outlived fear!" returned the man. "There is nought that Kings or Dukes can do that I cannot bear without murmuring!"

"Hoh, by Heaven!" cried Louis. "Such knaves as thou are dangerous to both Kings and Dukes! But, answer me—and since thou fearest nothing, I will threaten nought—why didst seek the life of Duke Charles this day?"

"Because—I hate him!" replied the mace-bearer.

"And dost thou hate me, also—the King of France?"

"I know no other than Charles of Burgundy in my hatred!" replied the man.

"And thou would'st kill him, my good friend—thou hungerest after his life—thou would'st be revenged for some wrong done unto thee by the Duke of Burgundy?"

"It is true—I hunger for the life of the tyrant!"

"Friend! thou art a bold man—and for thy boldness I will do thee no harm. Go thy ways in peace! What, ho! James Grosset!" The knight presented himself at the door. "I find nought against this man, Sir James!" resumed the King. "Let him be at liberty to bestow himself where he will! Good-night, Sir James!"

The King turned and fixed his eye upon the mace-bearer, who followed the French knight as he departed. The gaze of Louis was sharp and full of meaning. It said to the man-at-arms—"I give thee liberty—that thou mayst kill Charles of Burgundy." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FROM NICARAGUA AND CALIFORNIA—WALKER COMING HOME—$2,000,000 IN GOLD.—NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 10 o'clock, P. M.—The steamship Northern Light has just arrived, with California dates to the 5th inst. The Northern Light brings $2,000,000 in gold from California.

Among her passengers is Gen. Walker, who, with one hundred and fifty of his men were captured by Commodore Paulding, of the U. S. frigate Wabash. The General is on parole. The men were placed on board the U. S. sloop-of-war Saratoga to be conveyed to Norfolk.

The lake and river steamers on the San Juan have been handed over to Messrs. Garrison & Morgan. These steamers had been captured by Gen. Walker, but were retaken by an expedition from the Wabash.

Fort Castillo had also been captured by Gen. Walker, and a party of fifty Americans, under Col. Anderson, still held possession of it, as well as the river San Juan. Anderson has a supply of provisions for three months, with six pieces of artillery and an abundance of ammunition.

Capt. Engle, of the Wabash, is a passenger on board the Northern Light, and is a bearer of despatches to Washington.

The river steamer U. Morgan, seized by Commodore Paulding, was put in charge of the American Consul at Greytown.

The expedition that captured Gen. Walker and his men, consisted of 350 men landed from the frigate Wabash.

Heavy rains had commenced falling in California, reviving trade and imparting new vigor to the mining operations.

Six hundred Chinese have left San Francisco in vessels bound to China ports.

The San Francisco markets were quiet, but money was active and in demand.

Martinez has been elected President of Nicaragua, and he is making active preparations for an energetic war on Costa Rica. He has sent a force of four hundred men against Colonel Anderson, for the purpose of recapturing Fort Castillo.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO—COMONFORT SUPREME DICTATOR.—Comonfort has made a Louis Napoleon move in Mexico—overturned the Constitution, broken up the Federal Congress, and declared himself absolute Dictator. The people seem well satisfied with the change.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

MORE TROUBLES—AN AFFECTING PLAY—ROYAL KINDNESS—TURNS OF THE WHEEL.

Paris, December 3, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Six comets at a time are decidedly "too much of a good thing." To the terrible "chapter of accidents" in my last, must now be added another powder magazine explosion, which has just taken place at St. Petersburg, and in which eleven soldiers have lost their lives; and another fallen edifice, being a portion of the Fort of Vincennes, on the outskirts of Paris, in which seventeen soldiers have perished. The Emperor went in all haste to the scene of the disaster, and remained there a couple of hours, superintending the efforts that were being made to rescue the victims buried under the mass of fallen brickwork. We have also had a small powder explosion in a garret in this city, which took off a part of the roof of the house, and killed one or two of the inhabitants of the upper rooms.

As to the terrible catastrophe at Mayence, the loss of property and of life caused by it, appears to be even greater than was feared. All the houses in the city are more or less injured; and numbers of persons have died of the injuries received.

From catastrophes to tears is an easy transition, though tears are not always the sign of unmitigated sorrow, especially when called forth by some moving representation of the drama. Thus, the play of M. Mario Uchard, *La Fiammina*, which came out last spring, and which has just been brought out anew at the Theatre François, is crowded by an admiring public, though every one knows he or she must be prepared to go through with the process known as "crying one's eyes out," in the course of the evening. This very effective and affecting drama is simple enough in its plot, but so admirably worked up in its details, and so skillfully acted, that its effect is irresistible. The interest of the piece turns on the sacredness of the maternal relation, and the folly of those who, from vanity and ambition, neglect the duties that alone can lead to happiness. So touching are the last scenes of this play, that the audience, grave and gay, old and young, gentlemen as well as ladies, weep away as though at an Eastern funeral. It is impossible to help it; and eyes are made sore, and pocket-handkerchiefs are exceeded, from one end of the house to the other; only a few particularly callous individuals maintaining their equanimity, like old salts amidst a shipful of land-lubbers on first putting out to sea. A friend of mine, who was at the theatre when *La Fiammina* was first brought out, was in the box exactly opposite the Emperor's, and was much amused by seeing how, as they got into the pathetic part, one of the Empress's hands stole up slyly to one eye, the other hand stealing up the next minute to the other eye, evidently to intercept a tell-tale drop that she did not care to acknowledge; and how, as the pathetics got deeper and deeper, the gloved fingers no longer sufficed, and she was obliged to have recourse to her handkerchief. So it went on for some time, the play getting constantly more and more pathetic, and the handkerchief doing more and more constant duty, until, towards the close of the piece, she suddenly turned to the Emperor, and whispered a few words, on which the latter burst out laughing, put his hand into his pocket, drew out his handkerchief, and gave it to her; the Empress taking it with evident avidity and proceeding to mop up her eyes and nose with a vigor that showed how much she had been in need of the timely assistance, her own being no doubt as wet as though dipped in a bucket of water. The Emperor, hard-hearted monster! had not shed a tear; so that he was well able to come to the rescue of his wife's red eyes.

That the Empress is really a kind-hearted woman is conceded by all who know her. Yet she can sit out the horrors of a bull-fight, not only without repugnance at the frightful sufferings of the dogs and bulls, and, too often, of the men-combatants also, but actually enjoys the sight with all the delight of one who finds herself in her natural element! So much for the perverting influences of education and habit!

Since the birth of her son, she has taken under her especial patronage all the Infant Schools (*salles d'asile*) of the country; and accordingly her bust is placed in all the school-rooms, with that of the Emperor, and the children pray for her as their "patroness." Reports of progress are addressed to her; and her authorization is sought for all the changes the administration sees fit to introduce into their management.

In this, she does, however, but follow the example of the Orleans princes; for, whatever may be the verdict of posterity with regard to the political tendencies of the latter part of the reign of Louis Philippe, there can be but one sentiment as regards the personal action of the Queen and the other members of the Royal Family. The records of the period are full of incidents that show how kindly and how generously alive they were to all the claims of charitable effort: and how graciously as well as heartily their aid was given. In turning over the pages of the *Ami de l'Enfance*,—a journal devoted to the advocacy of the Infant Schools which, under the name of *Salles d'Asile* were established in France during the early part of the Monarchy of July, and are now a recognized and most important feature in the National Education of the country—I was struck with the many evidences of kindly interest in these schools contained in the old numbers of that periodical.

Thus, on the eve of the baptism of the little Count of Paris, shortly after the lamentable death of the Duke of Orleans, the Duchess, in order to impress on her son's mind the subject and importance of the Infant Schools, took the child to the vast hall of the Model School in the rue St. Hippolite, founded by M. Cochin,—one of the *maires* of the city, and famous for his devotion to the cause of popular progress—where deputations from all the Infant Schools of Paris were convened to meet him. The deputations, consisting of twelve children from each school, were placed in groups down the length of the hall, each with a banner bearing the name of the school it represented, and headed by its Director or Directress. There were five hundred children in the hall—together with the Lady-Inspectresses chosen by each ward of the city to examine into the affairs of its Infant School: the members of the Municipal, Central, and Superior School-Committees, the Prefect of the Seine, M. Cochin, and M. Rendu, another very active and prominent member of the Educational body.

The Duchess and the little Prince were received at the entrance of the school by the Préfet and the other authorities; and the exercises and songs of the children were then gone through with. When these were over, the Duchess took the little Prince by the hand, and walked down the hall, addressing a few kindly words, with her usual good sense and discrimination, to the various groups, and passing out into the play ground, the illustrious visitors took their seats in an elegant tent erected for their accommodation. The children now formed into two files, the boys on one side, and the girls on the other, and marched past the tent, singing verses composed in honor of the occasion, and filing off, to the right and left of the tent, to take part in a collation provided for them by the Duchess's orders in the name of the young Heir Apparent. On leaving, the Duchess left 2,000 francs with the Lady-Inspectresses, to be devoted to the aid of the poorest of the schools.

On another occasion, the children in a country school not far from Paris, were busy in their usual exercises, when the sound of carriages was heard approaching, the teacher was informed that the Queen, the Duchess of Orleans, and the Count of Paris, were coming to visit the school. The children were at once in a state of great excitement, and extremely delighted at the idea of seeing the Queen. The teacher had but a moment in which to remind them that they must be very quiet, and very polite and orderly, and to place as monitress a little girl called Eugénie Durand, who was the ornament and favorite of the school, for her modesty, intelligence and admirable disposition, when the royal party, with the ladies and gentlemen of their suite, reached the door, where they were received by the teacher, who conducted them to seats hastily placed for their accommodation at the upper end of the school-room; and on the Queen's expressing her desire to see the children go through with their exercises, the teacher signed to the little monitress to conduct the lesson. The little people sang one or two of their usual songs, and then went through various exercises, with only an occasional word from the teacher: this little monitress, though her heightened color showed that she felt the post of honor she occupied to be rather a trying one, going through with her part with a modesty, simplicity and intelligence that surprised and delighted the visitors.

When the exercises were over, servants in the royal livery brought in a great basket of cakes, which, at the teacher's desire, Eugénie distributed among her companions: this was followed by the entrance of another valet with another basket, containing toys, which were distributed in like manner. When the distribution was, to the great joy of the children, terminated, the Prince remarked to his mother and the Queen,

"How very singular it is that this little girl should have given away all the cakes and toys, and have kept nothing for herself! Is she a teacher? But she is very little to be a mistress!"

"No, my son," replied the Duchess, "she is not a mistress; but it appears that she is a very excellent child, for you see how much confidence the Directress seems to have in her."

The Queen, as much interested in the matter as her grandson, thereupon inquired of the Directress who the monitress was?

"Madame," replied the Directress, "she is the very best and sweetest little creature it would be possible to find. She is really as useful to me as a grown person could be, and all the teachers are extremely fond of her. She has lost her father; and her mother is very poor, though an excellent woman, and a very good and industrious sempstress. On account of the mother's poverty, and because we are all so fond of her, I have obtained permission of the School Committee to keep her here a little longer, though she is already seven years old, and consequently past the age for staying in school."

"You have acted wisely in so doing," returned the Queen, "I know how motherly an interest you take in all that concerns the children of the school. Pray send the little girl to us; we should like to talk to her."

"Your Majesty will make the poor child very happy!" replied the teacher, who had had her own reasons for bringing the little monitress under the especial notice of the royal visitors, and who now desired her little protégé to come forward.

The Count of Paris inquired of her why she had kept nothing for herself when distributing the cakes and toys?

"Monseigneur," replied the little girl, "I thought, as the Directress had chosen me to conduct the exercises of my companions, that I ought to be like a mother to them; that I ought to give all the cakes and toys to them, and keep nothing for myself."

"Very right, *ma chère petite*," said the Queen, "but nevertheless, you must have something for yourself. Tell me what you would like to have?"

The poor child was so much affected by the Queen's kindness, that she could hardly venture a reply, but after a moment's hesitation, she exclaimed—

"Oh, madame, madame, since my dear father died, my poor mother has had such hard work to gain a livelihood, and I am so unhappy when I think how little I can do to help her!"

"What was your father?" inquired the Queen.

"He had been a soldier; and after that he was a workman. He was very good; and as long as he lived we had everything we wanted. But he has been dead nearly a year, and my poor mother often weeps when we speak of him."

"And what does your mother do," asked the Queen.

"She is a sempstress, madame," answered the child; "but she often cannot get work. After my father died she applied for a place as linen-woman at the chateau of Versailles; because we were told that such places were given to the widows of soldiers who had been wounded like my father. But she has obtained nothing."

"And what is your mother's name?" inquired the Queen.

"Madame Durand," replied the child.

"Very good," continued the Queen, "now you may give me a sheet of paper, and pen, and some ink."

Eugénie, not a little agitated by her colloquy with the Queen, hastened to do as the Queen had bidden her. The Queen took the paper, wrote a few lines, and folding it up, gave it to the child.

"Give that to your mother," pursued the Queen, "she will see to whom she is to present it; and to-morrow she will have the place she has asked for."

Poor little Eugénie was so overjoyed that she fell on her knees before the Queen, who raised her kindly, and kissed her. The Duchess kissed her also; and the little Count de Paris, who had listened attentively to what had been going on, whispered to his mother, and then, taking a pretty little purse from his pocket, he offered it to Eugénie, saying,

"Do me the pleasure to accept this, and to buy with it the cakes and the toys that you forgot to keep for yourself."

The child was so overwhelmed with joy and gratitude, that she burst into tears, while the children of the school who perfectly appreciated the kindness of the Queen to their little favorite, broke out into spontaneous cries of *Vive la reine! vive la Duchesse d'Orléans! vive le Comte de Paris!* like true little Frenchmen and Frenchwomen as they were.

The royal visitors now rose, and took their departure, Eugénie, with clasped hands, declaring that she should "pray le bon Dieu to bless them, every day of her life!"

Who would have dreamed, at the period when this visit took place, only a dozen years ago, that, within four years from that time the Royal Family would be driven forth as exiles from their native land; and that another revolution would have paved the way for the establishment of another dynasty? And who would venture to predict the fate that may be awaiting the present little "heir-apparent," who is surrounded by an array of courtly and military attendance such as Louis Philippe never permitted about his family. People have assured me that they have occasionally seen the Queen, Madame Adelaide, and the young Princess, in omnibusses going about perfectly *incog.*, and only recognized by one or two who happened to identify them under their veils and shawls, and who, of course, did not venture to show them that they were recognized. And the little Spanish Prince, born a few days ago, and over whose birth the loyal Spaniards are preparing to make wonderful manifestations in the way of festivals and rejoicings, who can suppose that he will ever rule over that beautiful country, unless he grows up a good deal wiser than can well be hoped for under the training of his despotic mamma?

QUANTUM.

FROM KANSAS.—ST. LOUIS, Dec. 23.—The Democrat has advices from Lecompton, giving the proceedings of the Legislature. An act has been passed submitting the Calhoun Constitution to a vote of the people of the Territory, on the 5th of January, in three forms, viz.:—First, the Constitution with slavery: second, the Constitution without slavery; and third, against the Constitution.

Stringent measures have been adopted for watching the polls on the 21st, committees having been appointed for each precinct, to take the names of all the voters, so as to detect the false returns.

An exciting affray has occurred at Doniphan, in which a Free State man named Latham was murdered.

The report of Gen. Lane's death proves to be false.

The Legislature passed an act repealing the law authorizing the Constitutional Convention.

The militia law passed over Gov. Stanton's veto. The law appoints a Major General, (Gen. Lane) with eight Brigadiers, an Adjutant, and a full military organization.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 24.—A Kansas letter received by the Democrat, says that on the evening of the 16th inst., a battle occurred at Fort Scott between the pro-slavery and the free State men, in which five of the former were killed, including Blake Little, a member of the recent Lecompton Convention. Several were wounded on both sides, and twenty free State men were taken prisoners and confined in the fort. The difficulties grew out of Clark, accused of being the murderer of Barber, two years since, going about accompanied by a sheriff's officer collecting taxes from the free State men, seizing property in default of the payment of taxes, and making prosecutions under the Territorial rebellion law.

The Missourians are said to be assembled in strong force along the border, and more fighting is apprehended.

The Territorial Executive Committee has issued a call for re-assembling the Delegate Convention, held at Lawrence on the 2nd inst., to take place on the 23rd, for the purpose of considering the best course to pursue in consequence of the Legislature having failed to submit the Topeka Constitution, along with the Lecompton Constitution, to a vote of the people.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27, 1857.

The Union prints a letter from Chief Justice Williams of Kansas, dated Lecompton, Dec. 16, relative to the disturbances at Fort Scott, which he says were not caused by an attempt to collect taxes, but by the lawless, violent higher law Lane men committing unprovoked outrages upon Pro-Slavery men, who are now besieged in Fort Scott. Judge Williams is a Pennsylvanian.

FROM KANSAS.—The Cincinnati Gazette has advices from Kansas to the 17th. The Legislature had passed "An Act repealing an Act, entitled an Act to provide for taking a census, and election for Delegates to a Convention," over the veto of Gov. Stanton. In the House the vote stood 29 to 1; in the Senate the vote for it was unanimous.

A rumor that both Messrs. Walker and Stanton have been removed by the President, was received from Lexington on the 17th, and had been generally accredited at Lecompton through the day. It has caused little excitement, almost every one saying,—"Just as I expected."

The Gazette's correspondent adds:—"The President's Message was not received at Lecompton until to-night. Gov. Stanton immediately had that portion of it relating to Kansas affairs printed and circulated in the Legislature. During a recess of the House, a meeting was organized, and it was read aloud, eliciting hisses, groans, and many expressions of ridicule."

☞ What a blessed change for society it would be if all the numerous rascals now upon the turf were under it instead!

☞ To the truly poetical soul evil and wrong are repulsive; they are mutilations of the pure and perfect and beautiful, which alone it loves.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

Dec. 28.—The following sales were made at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard:—40 Ohio, Blum & Co., 9@10; 14 do, Franks, 9@10; 41 Chester co., A Kennedy, 9@10½; 23 do, Reisenbaugh, 9@10½; 23 do, Coates & Trainer, 9@10½; 18 do, Abrahams, 9@10; 26 Ohio, Carr & Methaud, 9@9½; 23 Western, P Baker, 9@9½; 16 Chester co, Baldwin, 9@10. The supply of Sheep was not equal to the demand, the offerings only amounted to 2000 head—these were sold at from $3 to 4 50 each, and from 9 to 9½c dressed. 150 Cows were disposed of at from $35 to 70 for milch Cows, and from $30 to 70 for dry. The demand for Hogs and the price remain about the same as at our last report.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Dec. 28.—BREADSTUFFS.—Flour advanced, 11,000 bbls sold at $5,25@5,90 for State, and $5,75@6 90 for Ohio Southern unchanged. Wheat declined. 17,000 bush sold at $1,75@1,80 for yellow. Lard declined ½c at 9½c.

COTTON.—The market is lower under the Persia's news, but has not fairly opened; the transactions today were on a basis of 9½c for Middling Uplands.

COFFEE.—We only hear of sales of 150 bags Maracaibo at 10¼@11c.

SUGARS.—Refined are in moderate request at full prices, the sales are 100 bbls Porto Rico at 7@7½c, and a few bbls Cuba at 6@6½.

MOLASSES.—The feeling is steady, but nothing of any importance has been done.

HOPS.—Are quiet at 3@5c for common to choice 1857's.

WHISKEY.—The market is lower, with considerable offering; sales of 300 bbls at 20@21c.

ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1858.

MONTHS.	Sunday's Day	Monday's Day	Tuesday's Day	Wednesday's Day	Thursday's Day	Friday's Day	Saturday's Day
JANUARY,						1	2
1st Month.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
FEBRUARY,	31	1	2	3	4	5	6
2d Month.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
MARCH,	28	1	2	3	4	5	6
3d Month.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
APRIL,	28	29	30	31	1	2	3
4th Month.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
MAY,	25	26	27	28	29	30	1
5th Month.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
JUNE,	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
6th Month.	30	31	1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
JULY,	27	28	29	30	1	2	3
7th Month.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
AUGUST,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8th Month.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31	1	2	3	4
SEPTEMBER,	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
9th Month.	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	1	2
OCTOBER,	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10th Month.	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
NOVEMBER,		1	2	3	4	5	6
11th Month.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
DECEMBER,				1	2	3	4
12th Month.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	

EUROPEAN NEWS.

THREE DAYS LATER--LUCKNOW TO BE RELIEVED—FINANCIAL CRISIS STILL RAGING AT HAMBURG.

The Persia arrived at New York on the 25th, bringing three days' later news.

On Friday, the 11th, the Bank Indemnity bill was read a third time and passed.

The Earl of Shaftesbury called attention to, and questioned the Government on, the subject of the French scheme of immigration for free negroes.

Lord Clarendon gave it as his belief that the French plan had unquestionably a tendency to revive the slave trade, but stated that the strongest assurances had been received from the French Government that they had no such intention; indeed, it was their ultimate design to abandon the system.

In the Commons, Mr. Vernon Smith announced that the King of Delhi had been promised that his life should be spared, as under no other circumstances could he capture have been effected.

The Chancellor moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the operations of the Bank Act of 1844, and of the Bank Act of Scotland and Ireland of 1845; and that the Committee be instructed to inquire into the causes of the recent commercial distress, and to investigate how far it has been affected by the laws for regulating the issue of bank notes payable on demand. After considerable debate the amendment was rejected by 117 to 285, and the original motion was agreed to.

Lord Palmerston stated that the House would meet on the 12th, (the day the steamer sailed,) to receive the Royal Assent to the indemnity bill, and he then proposed to adjourn till the 4th of February.

The Leviathan had only been moved a few inches since the departure of the Adriatic, owing to the giving way of the mooring tackle. It was feared as the vessel had reached a slighter incline, that her progress would be even slower than it had been.

An Embassador had arrived in England from Holland to demand, officially, for the Prince of Orange, the hand of the Princess Alice.

INDIA.—Lucknow still held out, although no communication had been had with the besieged. Heavy fighting and slaughter is said to have occurred.

The column, 5,000 strong, on the 3rd of November, under command of Brigadier Grant, reached Alumbagh only three miles from Lucknow.

Nena Sahib was believed to be in command of the rebels before Lucknow.

No fresh outbreaks are reported, and the rebellion is represented as subsiding throughout the country.

The strength of the enemy around Lucknow was estimated at 70,000, but it was nevertheless considered certain that the garrison could hold out till the 10th of November, before which time Sir Colin Campbell would be before Lucknow with an army of 4,000 men, including his own Highland brigade, 600 cavalry, and a very heavy train of artillery.

It is stated that during the siege of Delhi the Sepoys took all the wounded Europeans they could catch, and *burned them alive*. The charred bodies, tied to stakes, were found by the stormers with the Queen's buttons still recognizable.

Troops were pouring into India at the rate of two thousand a week.

The Belgium elections took place on the 12th, and, as far as known, the result was decidedly in favor of the Liberals.

A dispatch from Hamburg of the 11th, says: "The crisis is becoming yet more alarming. A general break up of credit seems imminent. The Senate will sit in permanence."

The bullion in the Bank of France continues to increase, and a still further reduction in the rate of discount was anticipated.

PARIS, Saturday, Dec. 12.—An extraordinary decree grants a credit of 1,000,000 francs to wards alleviating the sufferings of the unemployed workmen.

General Edgar Ney is named Prince de la Moskowa.

The city article in *The Times* of the 12th says: "The demand for money is gradually diminishing, and a belief is entertained that when a reduction of the bank rate is commenced, the downward movement will be rapid." Gold was daily flowing into the bank in large sums. The returns for the week ending Dec. 9, show an increase in the bullion of £765,022, the amount held being £8,669,482.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 12.—Cotton.—The Brokers' Circular reports a limited demand throughout the week, and a depressed feeling, with an increased desire to realize. American descriptions 1/4d. lower for both new and old.

Breadstuffs.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., report that Flour has recovered the decline advised per Adriatic. Wheat firmer, and inferior Red advanced 1s@2d. since Tuesday. Corn dull, at a reduction of 1s. @ quarter. Richardson Brothers call the advance in Inferior Wheat 1s@2d., and the decline in Corn 2d. on Mixed and Yellow, and 1s@2s. on White. The Brokers' Circular reports a decline on the week of 4d. on Wheat, 1s@2s. 6d. on Flour, and 1s@2s. 6d on Corn.

Provisions.—Messrs. Higland, Athya & Co., and Richardson, Spence & Co., report Beef and Pork neglected. Bacon dull, and almost nominal. Lard still drooping; Tallow steady; Cheese, large arrivals, and holders willing to accept rather lower prices.

Produce.—Ashes quiet. Sugar quiet, and favoring buyers. Coffee, no sales. Rice, sales of Carolina at 17s 6d@18s. 6d. Tea, heavy and irregular. Rosin in fair demand at 4s for common.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.—WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—The Secretary of War this afternoon received a telegraphic despatch from Lieut. General Scott, dated at New York, in which General Scott says he has received good news from the Utah Expedition. Cols. Johnson and Smith's commands and the trains were up with Col. Alexander, and the whole body were marching upon Fort Bridger, which was only sixteen miles off, on November 7th. The troops were in high spirits. There was just snow enough on the ground to protect the grass from fire.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—The War Department this morning received despatches confirmatory of previous advices, that all the troops of the Utah Expedition were concentrated near Fort Bridger, in comparatively comfortable quarters. The reported adverses of the 5th infantry from the Mormons is untrue.

The vacant lands heretofore withdrawn from sale or entry, lying outside of six miles on each side of the lands granted to Iowa in 1856, for railway purposes, having been released, they will be restored to private entry at the several land offices in that State, on the 15th of February next.

THE Hon. Henry S. Foote was in New Orleans the other day, and is said to have received a despatch from Washington calling him there. It is presumed that he sympathizes with Robt. J. Walker and Senator Douglas. The New Orleans Delta says:—Gen. Foote, we also learn, is about to establish himself for the practice of the law at Memphis, with a residence in De Soto county, Miss.

THE Governor of Georgia vetoed the Act recently passed by the Legislature, providing for the legalization of the suspension of specie payments by the banks, but the bill was passed over the veto, by the Legislature, by a two-third vote.

THE contracts for engraving the plates of the treasury notes have been made, and the latter will be issued in about two weeks. They will be of the denominations of one hundred, five hundred, and one thousand dollars.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 138—Adults 72, and children 76.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS.—The depression noted at the close of last week has been increased by the unfavorable tenor of the late European advices, and with moderate receipts, an accumulating stock, and very limited inquiry for both export and home consumption, prices have fallen off 12½c @ bbl. The sales for shipment comprise only 1000 barrels at $4.87½ as for standard brands; $4@5.50 for extra, and $5.50@5.75 for extra family. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been limited, within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour is dull and 12½c @ bbl lower. Small sales at $4. Corn Meal is scarce. About 100 barrels Pennsylvania sold at $3, and 100 barrels Brandywine at $3.37½ @ barrel.

GRAIN.—There has been a fair amount of Wheat offering during the past week, but the demand for it is limited, and prices have again declined 5@6c @ bus. Sales of 13,000 bushels at 95c to $1.11 for Red, and $1 to $1.22 for White—closing at $1.05@1.10 for good Red, and $1.16@1.18 for White. 2000 bushels Rye sold at 70@72c, which is a decline. Corn has been dull and prices are lower. Sales of 27,000 bushels new Yellow at 50@55c—according to dryness, and 2000 bushels old do. at 64c. Oats are dull, and prices have declined. About 10,000 bushels were disposed of at 33@35c @ bus for Delaware and Maryland, closing at the lowest rate, and 32c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—The market continues extremely quiet, and the stocks are too small to admit of extensive transactions. Prices generally are weak. The demand for Pork has been quite limited. Sales of Mess at $16@16.25, cash, and Prime at $13.50, on time. City packed Mess Beef sells slowly for ships' stores at $12@13 @ bbl, cash. Dressed Hogs have been coming forward freely. Bacon.—Has been extremely quiet, and prices are a cut nominal. Small sales of Hams from 10½ to 12c for plain and fancy canvassed. In Sides and shoulders nothing doing. The receipts of Bulk Meats have fallen off. Sales at 8c @ lb, 60 days, for Hams; 8c for Sides, and 6½c for Shoulders. Lard—Is coming forward more freely, and meets a limited inquiry. Small sales of bbls at 11@11½c, and kegs at 11½c @ lb. 60 days. Some Jerseys sold at 11c. Butter remains without change, except a little more inquiry for roll at 16@22c @ lb. Solid packed sells slowly at 12@15c, cash. Prices of Cheese and Eggs continue as last quoted.

BARK.—The receipts and stocks of Quercitron continue small, but there is not much demand for it. Small sales at No. 1 at $30 @ ton. *No Tanners' Bark offering.*

BEESWAX.—Is unchanged. Small sales of good Yellow at 29c @ lb, cash.

CANDLES.—There is not much demand for Adamantine, and only 600 boxes city manufactured were disposed of at 20c @ lb on time. Sperm are dull at 42 cents.

COAL.—Continues to meet a very limited inquiry, both for shipment and home consumption, and the supply is in excess of the demand. Prices, however, have undergone no change, and the present depression will be likely to continue until there is some revival in the iron and other manufacturing interests. Bituminous Coal is not wanted.

COFFEE.—The demand has been limited, but holders are firm at the improvement noted last week; sales of 600 bags Rio at 9¾@10¼c @ lb, on time. A cargo of 2627 bags Rio has arrived since our last notice.

COPPER.—Is dull. In the absence of sales, we quote English Sheathing at 28c and Yellow Metal at 22c @ lb, 6 mos.

COTTON.—The receipts and stocks have been small. The market continues unsettled, and the few transactions reported are at very irregular prices; they only comprise about 100 bales Upland at 11 to 14c @ lb, cash and on time.

DRUGS AND DYES.—The trade generally is dull, with very limited transactions. Among them were 150 casks Soda Ash at 2¼@2½c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS.—Are but little inquired after. Small sales of Western at 42@43c @ lb, cash.

FISH.—During the past week the market has been dull for all descriptions, and we again slightly reduce our quotations for Mackerel. Sales of 200 bbls were made on terms kept private, and small lots from store at $19,50@21 @ bbl for medium No 1's; $20,50@10 for No 2's, and $9 for No 3's—mostly at our lowest figures. Codfish sold at $4,25. Pickled Herring are dull.—Sales from the wharf at $3.50, and in a small way from store at $4.

FRUIT.—The demand for Raisins is fair, and 3000 packages sold at $2.25@2.30 @ box. A cargo of Messina Oranges, and another of Lemons, has been partly disposed of from the wharf on terms kept secret. Havana Oranges are selling at $3@3.50 @ bbl. 50 bags Walnuts sold at 10½c; 30 do Soft Shelled Almonds at 11½c, and 25 do Filberts at 9c @ lb, on time. The receipts of Dried Fruit have been much smaller, and Apples meet a fair inquiry from 6½ to 7¼c @ lb for Southern and Western. Dried Peaches are selling at 9@12c for unpared quarters and halves. Green Apples are selling at $2 to 1,25 @ bbl, and Cranberries from $6 to 8.

GINSENG.—Continues scarce. The last sales were at 50c @ lb, cash, for Crude, and 70c for Clarified.

HEMP.—Is quiet, and without transactions.

HIDES.—Are dull, and no sales have been reported.

HOPS.—The demand is limited, and the sales only in small lots at 7@11c @ lb for new crop Eastern and Western.

INDIGO.—Prices are firm, but there is little or no demand.

IRON.—The depression noted in the market for weeks past still continues, and the sales of Pig Metal are unimportant. Prices of South Pig Iron are entirely nominal. In Bar and Boiler Iron limited sales are making at former rates.

LEAD.—Continues dull, and no sales have been reported.

LEATHER.—Continues in limited request.

LUMBER.—There has been little or no demand, and the sales have been unimportant.

MOLASSES.—The market remains extremely quiet, and the only sales reported are 50 bbls Cienfuegos at 25½c; 400 bbls new crop New Orleans, the first of the season, at 37½c, on time, and some New York Sugar House at 27@30c, cash.

NAVAL STORES.—A small sale of fine Rosin at $1 @ bbl, cash. Tar and Pitch sell only in a small way at former rates. There is a steady demand for Spirits of Turpentine, and further sales have been made at 44@46c, cash.

OILS.—About 10,000 lbs Palm Oil sold on terms kept secret. The sales of Fish Oils are confined to small lots from store at 75@78c for Crude; White, and 83@86c for Winter. The stock of Lard Oil is very small. Sales of No 1 Winter at $1 cash. Prices of Linseed Oil are rather firmer. Small sales at 53@55c, cash. A sale of Olive Oil at $1.10, on time.

PLASTER.—But little offering. A small sale of Soft at $3 @ ton.

RICE.—The stock is now very much reduced, but prices are unchanged. Small sales at 3¼@3¾c @ lb, cash and on time.

SALT.—Prices are steady. An import of about 1050 sacks Liverpool Fine sold at about $1.40, on time.

SEEDS.—The receipts of Clover seed have increased, and prices are lower. Sales of 300 bushels, in lots, at $3@3.25 @ 64 lbs, and 600 bushels, from second hands, for export, part on terms not made public and part at $3.37½@3.50, closing at our lowest figures. In Timothy and Flaxseed nothing doing.

SPIRITS.—There has been more inquiry for Brandy and Gin, but without change in prices. N. E. Rum sells at 35c/ac. Whiskey has improved. Sales of 500 barrels at 21@23½c; hhds at 20½c and Drudge at 22c.

SUGAR.—There has been a fair inquiry both for refining and for the supply of the trade, and prices are ½c @ lb lower. Sales of 1100 hhds Cuba at 6¾@7¾c, and 70 hhds Porto Rico at 8c @ lb, on time.

TALLOW.—Is unchanged. Sales of City Rendered at 10½@10¾c, and Country at 9½c @ lb, cash.

TEAS.—There is a general indisposition to operate, and prices are drooping.

TOBACCO.—The sales of both Leaf and Manufactured are limited, and for the former, prices are lower.

WINES.—There has been nothing doing worthy of notice.

WOOL.—The demand has been quite limited, and the only sales reported are small lots of No. 1 pulled at 24@25c @ lb cash and on time.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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Dr. C. M. Jackson, Dear Sir:—In behalf of the afflicted, I pen a few lines to you. I have suffered and doctored my self, and knew how to pity those in a like condition. Until I commenced taking your Bitters last summer, I was not able to do any thing, or even to sit up any considerable length of time. Before I had taken the first bottle I felt like a new man, and now, after having continued the use of them a short time, in the worst season of the year, *I am able to labor hard every day.* To say the least, I think I have received more benefit from the Bitters than all other medicines I have taken. I have not only used your Bitters myself, but have given bottles and parts of bottles to those complaining of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and in every case, they tell me they have taken no medicine so beneficial as the Bitters. Respectfully yours,
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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. ROBERT H. HOUSTON, of Lewes, Del. to Miss MARY A. NAYLOR, of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, D. D., Mr. RICHARD MCCORKELL, to Miss ISABELLA MCKNIGHT, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. John R. Dales, Mr. HAMILTON P. LATTA, to Miss CHARLOTTE D. CUNNINGHAM, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. FRANK L. NEAGLE, to Miss FANNIE S. daughter of the late Richard Batturs, both of this city.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. J. R. Anderson, Mr. JAMES MILLER, to Miss MARY THOMPSON, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. William Suddards, Mr. S. P. GOSWICK, to Miss E. C. EISENBREY, both of this city.

On the 24 Nov. 1857, by the Rev. J. Gordon Maxwell, JOHN NESBIT, to ELIZABETH HAMILTON, both of this city.

On the 14th May, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH STOKES, to LAVINIA, daughter of the late Thos. RAKESTRAW.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Allen John, Mr. ISAAC E. SMALLCOMBE, to Miss MARY CRABTREE, all of Frankford.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. N. M. Jones, Mr. JOHN J. MCKINLEY, to MARY J. ANDERSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Suddenly, on the 5th ultimo, at his grandfather's residence, Harford county, Md., GEORGE HENDERSON, son of J. H. and Mary Yarnall, in the 3d year of his age.

On the 19th ultimo, THOMAS D. HARKER, aged 39.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH CALLAHAN, aged 91.

At Woodbury, N. J. on the 18th ultimo, JOSEPH SAUSBURY, aged 65 years.

On the 19th ultimo, THOMAS H. PARKER, Sr. aged 62.

On the 30th ultimo, WILLIAM MCDOWELL, aged 76.

On the 16th ultimo, MARGARET BRIGGS, wife of Thos. Quinn.

On the 18th ultimo, ELIZABETH T. daughter of Susannah M. Porter, aged 13 years.

On the 16th ultimo, CHARLES FRANCIS, aged 48 years.

On the 17th ultimo, SARAH, wife of Richard Pollock, aged 38 years.

On the 14th ultimo, ISAIAH SCOTT, aged 67 years.

On the 16th ultimo, JOHN COULTER, aged 85 years.

On the 13th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM P. BRAITHWAIT, aged 37 years.

At Wilmington, on the 20th ultimo, ALEXANDER FLINN, aged 51 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE GARDY, aged 82.

On the 19th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES WHITE, aged 46.

On the 24th ultimo, Mr. HIRAM LYONS, aged 80 years.

On the 25th ultimo, MARY A. ANTHONY, aged 24.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. TERESA SIMON, aged 72.

On the 20th ultimo, SARAH, ANN, wife of Robert A. Dimond.

On the 21st ultimo, Miss MARY E. VANDUER, aged 21.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS.
No. 20 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, December 26, 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	1¼ dis	Solvent banks	2½ dis
Relief notes	par	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	2 dis
Solvent banks	par to 5 dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	2 dis
Solvent banks	par	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	2 dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	3 to 4 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2 dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	par	State bank	2 dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	par	Old banks	8 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	3 dis	Solvent banks	8 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	5¼ dis	Solvent banks	8 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	3 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bk, Galveston.	30 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	3½ dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	1 dis		

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The extraordinary benefit they did him makes me always recommend them to my friends, and I would be glad that every body should know their worth. The case was the worst possible; he would have been taken, sometimes unconsciously, in the midst of business from the length and severity of each attack—often in a chair, and saving him from two or three days afterward entirely prostrate from weakness. Every kind of treatment was also externally applied that was professionally advised. You may, therefore, judge what good reason I have for letting you have the statement in acknowledgment for the benefit received, and for the purpose of letting those who may be in similar circumstances have my testimony in confirmation of the reliability of the other certificates, and perfect confidence, like myself, in the value of the Pills.
Yours, respectfully, JOHN WEBB,
No. 16 Beekman Street, New York.

☞ Principal office, 43 Brandreth Building, New York Philadelphia Agency, MRS. GRAY,
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PROSPECTUS FOR 1858.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.

THE PAPER THAT NEVER SUSPENDS.

A Family Weekly—Devoted to Literature and the News.

In these times of Bank suspensions and Mercantile suspensions, the proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST call the attention of the reading public to their old and firmly-established weekly paper, as the paper that never suspends. For over

THIRTY-SIX YEARS

THE POST has been published; and in all that period—through "good times" and through "bad times," through bank inflations and bank contractions, through prosperous seasons and through panics, THE POST has been regularly issued every week, and forwarded to its thousands of subscribers. Its proprietors therefore point to the past as an unfailing index of the future. And they feel that in asking of the reading public a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon THE POST, they are asking no more than what it will be both the interest and the pleasure of that public to grant.

Among the contributors to THE POST, we may mention the following gifted writers:—
WILLIAM HOWITT, ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, ANNA BLACKWELL, AUGUSTINE DUGANN

Wit and Humor.

HOW TOM CORWIN RID HIS SISTER OF AN OBNOXIOUS LOVER.

BY A WESTERN MAN.

Every one has heard of the eloquent, pathetic and humorous stump orator of Ohio. He was pronounced by Mr. Clay (a most competent authority) to be the finest stump speaker he had ever heard; and in this opinion I most heartily coincide, after having heard Clay, Crittenden, Jones of Tennessee, Polk, Benjamin, Soule, Randall, Hunt, Tom Marshall, Gen. Lamar, Bates, Douglas and a host of others.

Well, this great orator carried his love of fun into every department of life. In the private circle, where he knew every person and where he unbosomed himself fully, he was the most delightful and genial conversationalist I ever listened to. I do not know that he now, as age and infirmity are creeping on, indulges this proclivity to humor so much as he used to do. But some twenty years ago he used to tell, with great gusto, the following story:

"In early life—so early that I cannot remember the removal—my father 'pulled up stakes,' and, carrying with him the household goods, went from Bourbon county, Kentucky, where I was born, to Ohio. Notwithstanding a rough-and-tumble struggle with the world, he had a hard time to get on, owing to a numerous and rapidly increasing family. Well, family matters had not much improved when I had reached my thirteenth or fourteenth year.

"At this time there lived in the neighborhood a young man by the name of Pickering. He had inherited a well-stocked farm, was good-looking, and made a strong profession of religion. This latter qualification caused him to find peculiar favor in the eyes of my father, who always was blinded by professions of extra piety.

"This fellow had a strong hankering after one of my sisters, who was a very pretty girl. To her he was peculiarly distasteful. She seemed always excessively annoyed at his presence. Yet he was ever at her side. She dared not dismiss him entirely, for fear of the paternal anger. Things went on in this way for a year or two, and as I partook largely of my sister's hatred to him, I resolved to get rid of him in some way. I cast about for a plan for some time, but nothing occurred which gave me the slightest hope of being successful.

"At last, returning home late one summer night from mill, I found the family at their nightly devotions. Passing by the windows of the room in which they were assembled, I saw that Pickering was there, and pretty soon I discovered that he was nodding, and finally his head dropped. Now was my opportunity. I stole slily into the hall, and reaching the hall door, which was slightly ajar, and close by which Pickering was, 'on bended knee,' I reached in and, quickly pulling his chair from under him, he rolled heavily, as a sound sleeper would upon the floor. The noise alarmed all. The old gentleman stopped in the midst of his almost interminable prayer, and saw the position of Pickering. All the family laughed outright; even my mother smiled.

"Pickering endeavored to pick himself up as rapidly as possible, but he had touched the old man upon his tenderest point. It was evident, from his rubbing his eyes, that he had slept under the old gentleman's ministrations; and had not my father a reputation far and wide *for the fervency and strength of his ministrations*, and was not Pickering his *professing* brother? It was too much. Slowly yet most dignifiedly did the old man approach him. 'Begone, hypocrite!' he cried, in thunder tones. 'Never enter my house again.'

"Pickering was thunderstruck. He felt that he could make no apology which would not add to the insult. He had no suspicion of the exterior force which had aided him in his fall. He at once found his hat, took up his line of march, and, completely crestfallen, passed by me as I stood grinning in the shadow of the porch.

"At a suitable time I entered, got my supper, was told by a brother, in hurried whispers, what had happened, and then I stole off to bed, affecting ignorance and laughing most heartily, as I ensconced myself in the sheets, at the complete success of my plan.

"Next day I cautiously imparted my secret to my interested sister. She was in her own room at the time, and she threw herself upon the bed and rolled in agonies and convulsions of laughter. She had been emancipated forever from the attentions of an obnoxious lover. The old gentleman did not hear the real state of the facts for full twenty years afterwards; but when he did, he laughed heartily."

A GOOD MOWER.—The farmers will brag as well as grumble. The weather is never just right, and their crops are all bound to be ruined; but after they are in, they do love to tell what famous ones they have had, and how much work they did in no time at all getting them under cover. "Out in Michigan last summer," writes a friend, "a number of farmers were sitting in front of a country store at the close of a sultry day, and telling stories about their work and so on, when one of them took the rag off the whole of them by relating his experience: 'I say, you have all told whopping big yarns now; but I'll just tell you what I done once in York State, on the Genesee Flats, and on my father's farm. He owned a meadow just a mile long, and one morning in June I begun to mow—sun about an hour high—and mowed right along the whole length of the field. The grass was so heavy that I had to mow down to the lower end of the field and walk, or, as we say, 'carry my swarth.' Well, I worked on till sundown, and then quit. I just thought, as the meadow was exactly a mile long, I'd count the swarths, and I did, and there was *one hundred!* That, gentlemen, is what York State folks call a big day's work." "So you walked two hundred miles that day, did you?" asked one farmer. "And mowed all the while you was walking?" said another. "So it seems," replied the great mower. "I tell you the facts, and you can make as much of it as you can."

"ALL IN HIS EYE."—When Jones, the schoolmaster, boarded at No. 101, he was continually replying to his landlady's importunities that he had secured a goodly number of pupils and would soon pay her. Finding that he didn't come down, she consulted Old Roger about it, at the same time speaking of the pupils. "Depend upon it, ma'am," said the old man, "his pupils are all in his eye."—*Boston Gazette.*

A SEA-SICK LOVER.

The following letter, purporting to have been found in a bottle, on a voyage from San Francisco to New York, is supposed to be the last adieu of a lover at sea to his inamorata at home:—

"*My Darlin' Julia*—We are goin' down! At least so the fust mait informs me, very soom; and that kind gentleman advises me to do my little chores before the fatal stroke ends my kareer on yearth. I feel very queer, having et no breakfast, and my supper having gone the wrong wa. The waves is rollin' mountains hi; and our dyin' stuard advises pork and molasses tied to a string; I feel very sad: I shood like to take mi hat and go ashore. The captain is very kind harted, and I am so soft shell stummick'd that he is always orderin' me b'low, and I feel constantly like comin' up. Oh, if I was ashore, I never would come to sea again, never, never.

"Just tu plage me, they've been and salted all the wotter. This morning I was sick tu my stummick and undertuk tu git a drink. O you've no idea how salt it was. I asked the mait what the kause was, and he sed it was on ackount of all the pork barrels havin' leked.

There, now we're a goin! I heere the captin say to a large cullered gentleman—You better lite the lamps before you go down—and I can feel it too. The ship is pitchen, and the salors is a doin up the sales tu take em ashore, them that can swim—what can I do? I aint out to the klimate, and the wotter is so damp that cum into mi bunk last night. All you'll ever no about me will be this ere bottel, and you han't rely upon ever getting it very sartin, the whales is sow thick in this longertude.

"* * There we're goin down. Now I must seel the bot—"

The rest was illegible.

RICH AND POOR CONVERTS.—Old Billy G——— had attended a great revival, and in common with many others, he was "converted" and baptized. Not many weeks afterwards, one of his neighbors met him coming home from the court ground with considerable of a brick in his hat.

"Hello, Uncle Billy!" said his friend, "I thought you had joined the church?"

"So I did," answered Uncle Billy, making a desperate effort to stand still,—"and so I did, Jeemes, an' would a' bin a good Baptist, if they hadn't a treated me so everlastin' mean at the water. Didn't ye hear all 'bout it, Jeemes?"

"Never did."

"Then I'll tell ye 'bout it. Ye see, when we came to the ba'tizin' place, thar was me an' old Jenks, the rich old squire, was to be dipt at same time. Well, the minister tuk the squire in fust, but I didn't mind that much, as I thought it would be just as good when I cum. So he led him in, an' after dippin' him under, he raised him up mighty keerful, an' wiped his face an' led him out. Then cum my turn, an', instead of liftin' me out like he did the squire, he left me crawlin' about like a mud turtle."

THE TABLES TURNED.—At the Donegal assizes, the following humorous cross-examination of a witness occasioned much merriment in court:—Mr. Doherty: "What business do you follow?" "I am a schoolmaster." "Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off?" "I do not wish to answer irrelevant questions?" (Laughter.) "Are you a great favorite with your pupils?" "Aye, truth am I. a much greater favorite than *you are with the public.*" "Where were you, sir, this night?" "This night?" said the witness, "there is a learned man—this night is not yet come: I suppose you mean that night?" (Here the witness looked at the judge, and winked his eye as if in triumph.) "I presume the 'schoolmaster was abroad' that night doing nothing?" "Define 'nothing,'" said the witness. Mr. Doherty did not comply. "Well, said the learned schoolmaster, "I will define it: It is a footless stocking without a leg." (Roars of laughter, in which his lordship joined.) "You may go down, sir." "Faith, I believe you're tired enough of me; but it is my *profession* to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask, I will answer them."

☞ An English writer says, in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of his match, lost his situation.

SERVANTGALISM.

MISTRESS.—"Not going to remain in a situation any longer! Why you foolish things, what *are* you going to do, then?"

ELIZA.—"Why, ma'am, you see our *fortune-teller* says that two young noblemen is going to marry us—so there's no call to remain in no situations no more!"—*London Punch.*

Agricultural.

COLORING MATTER IN OUR NATIVE GRAPES.

The grape should produce its own coloring without any admixture, which is the case with all pure, high-colored foreign wines.

During the last fall, while the grape was ripening, we accidentally stumbled on a fact, which may, in some one's hands, prove of use, in coloring or rather producing a colored wine. We had a pretty good crop of Isabellas, Catawbas, and Alexander or Schuylkill's in our garden, and as the latter variety ripened, the fruit was stewed with a small quantity of sugar, and used as sauce at the table. We were truly surprised to observe, that the juice, which was very abundant, was of equal body with the best Port wine, and as deeply colored. We tried the same experiment with the Isabella, when it ripened, and with the like result. The process was a simple one. A quart of grapes was put into a brass stewpan, a quarter of a pound of sugar added, half a teacupful of water, and left to stew from five to ten minutes. All the juice is thus extracted, and the coloring matter contained in the skin is set free. In this condition the juice is to our taste delicious. When the Catawba ripened, we pressed about two bushels of them, and added to their juice, sufficient juice of the Isabella, prepared as above, to color the whole of a rich hue. About three pints of the latter was sufficient; and we went into the process of wine-making in a small way. Fermentation took place in due time, and we have now a beautifully colored wine, too new, of course, to have strength. What it will ultimately be, time will determine. The stewing has not, however, left any disagreeable flavor or effect upon it. We do not know that this hint will ever prove useful, but will leave it in the hands of our wine-makers, who may improve the suggestion, by instituting a series of experiments on the subject.—*Ohio Farmer.*

STANDING AND FLYING LEAPERS

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

I endeavored to explain in one of my articles why the standing leap was somewhat difficult to teach horses. It is the more so as coercion will not further our end, but, on the contrary, retard it. I believe it will be allowed me that we cannot by any discipline *force* a horse to eat or drink, unless he is disposed to do so; all we can do to produce what we want would be to keep him without food or water till we thus virtually force him to the act. So in teaching a horse to leap standing, all we can do is to put him in situations where he cannot leap flying, and thus teach him patience, and steadiness to perform the standing jump. Be it kept in mind that when we want a horse, any other animal, or man, to learn anything that requires patience and tact to accomplish, the teaching must be exempt from any severity that might cause alarm. Nothing of this kind can be learned under the direct influence of fear. The pupil becomes confused, and has not his senses or instinct at command. The whip is a very favored instrument in the hands of many. I hold it to be only an appliance to be used as the last and frequently-failing resource. It may in some cases *force*, but it will not *teach*.

I must endeavor to explain what I mean by placing a horse in such a situation as will virtually force him to an act without any apparent severity being used to alarm or confuse. Some *horses are so impetuous, that*, though they will (to a certain extent) perform what almost amounts to a standing leap, they cannot be restrained from taking a step or two before coming to it, thus taking off, perhaps, a couple of yards from it, and flinging themselves much further than we wish beyond it. It may be said we can hold him back by the bridle. We can so: but the effect of this would very likely be the horse might feel we did not want him to make the effort, consequently, might not jump at all. We will put him in a situation where he cannot take these steps up to the leap.

We will take some wattled hurdles, and, sloping them a little from him, will put two rows at such distance apart as may leave him ample room to clear the first flight, but brings him close to the second (which must be considerably lower, from being more sloped than the first.) Thus he has not room to run at them, and, seeing them low, he will take this second jump without hesitation. The second flight must be heightened by degrees, by being set more and more upright. In two or three days' practice—or more, depending on his sagacity and docility—he will get into the habit of taking them and the first flight at a dead stand. He is now a standing jumper, and only requires practice at different kinds of fences to make him perfect. We have thus *forced* him to do what we wish, not by severity but contrivance, and a very simple one.

We shall not find the flying leaper give us anything like the same trouble. It is not an act that he actually requires to be taught. It is more or less natural to him. All he requires is practice, more to teach him the safest and easiest method of taking different fences, than the act of leaping itself. If a number of horses, or a single horse, were to be turned into different fields, and some inducement held out to them to get out of each field, they would want no instruction. They would be all jumpers ready made to our hands; they would have made themselves so. I object to a bar as practice for a young flying leaper, as I do for a standing one—in fact, more so. I hold that horses should be practised at a description of fence, the similitude of which they will be likely to meet in a day's hunting; and anything like a leaping-bar they certainly never will meet with. Again, I consider it bad to accustom a horse to the same leap and same place; he gets tired of, and disgusted with, the sameness of the thing. From constant practice at it he becomes careless; and if, from having become so, he gets a severe fall over, he gets frightened and nervous—the worse result that can occur to a flying leaper, tending to cause him to baulk or refuse. For early practice, nothing is so good as furze, furze-bavins, or faggots. These we can dispose as we like, for a high leap or wide one, or both; there is no danger to the horse, be he led or ridden, and in the latter case no danger to the man either. But to direct a man to practise a half-taught horse at a bar is a proceeding likely to lead to consequences that we could not feel justified in having promoted. A bar we may consider in the light of a post and rail: then why not practice the horse at post and rails, which we may set up or find ready to our hands in most places. If he will jump a bar, he will a stile of similar height: these he will constantly meet in crossing country. If he has been properly taught, he will jump a fence (say) four feet five; he will equally jump a gate of the same height as a bar—and he learns to jump an obstacle he will probably have occasion to surmount the first time he meets hounds. Some people have an idea that a fall really does a horse good, as to making him careful. With a horse who *perfectly knows* his business, but is a slovenly or careless leaper, it probably may and will have such effect; but a fall to a young unpractised horse should be carefully avoided: he rarely forgets—he has not the sense to consider it was his *own* fault or ignorance that occasioned it, but the next time he sees a similar obstacle he will remember the one having caused him a fall, and look with terror at its likeness. An inconsiderate horseman, or rather rider, may drive him at it with such force that he considers the impetus will prevent his baulking or refusing. Such bull-riding seldom answers the purpose: the animal is as much frightened at that as at the leap, which, ridden quietly to and caressed, he would become reassured and take; whereas thus driven he has not time to look at it, and the fence appears before him with all its terrors, and probably a sudden and violent baulk is the consequence. His fear of the particular fence is not diminished; but he learns to regard all fencing as boding punishment or danger, or both. He either pertinaciously baulks ever afterwards, if at all timid, or, if not, he learns madly to rush at every fence he comes to from *desperation*.

Some horses that have *not* been thus injudiciously ridden will rush more or less at their fences; but they do this voluntarily, and seldom make a mistake; though thus hasty, they have all their instinct about them. This is a very different case from the frightened animal madly rushing from the fear of punishment, and continuing that from habit that he at first acquired from the ill judgment and probably ill temper of his rider. I like horses to go pretty freely at fences, and greatly prefer one who wants soothing to one that requires rousing. But madly rushing is very different to this.

A correspondent of *The Field*, signing himself "A Farmer," most graphically and truthfully represents the habits of horses. He says: "Notice a horse in the hunting field, after having disposed of his rider, and he will be seen to go slowly at his fences, so slow, in fact, as to make many fancy he does not intend to face them." As doubtless "A Farmer" has seen many riders unshipped, he as well as myself has seen many loose horses: and, as he justly remarks, they always go as he describes, at fences. Let it be remarked that full speed, under any circumstances save those of direct fright, is not a natural pace: horses will practise it if pursued by a lion in the Nubian desert, or by a pack of wolves in Siberia; but no excitement is strong enough to stimulate a horse into this pace, no stimulus except whip and spur, the temporary excitement of a race, or running away, will urge a horse to it—in fact, in either of the cases mentioned, fright or alarm of some kind is the stimulus. Again, it is the worst of judgment to ride a horse at top speed at fences, not merely from its teaching him to rush, but in many cases preventing him accomplishing that with certainty and safety that we wish.—*London Field.*

URINE.—Sir John Sinclair, speaking of the value of this fertilizing agent, says:—"Every sort of urine contains the essential elements of vegetables in a state of solution. The urine of a horse being so much lighter would be more valuable than its dung, if both must be conveyed any considerable distance. The urine of six cows or horses will enrich a quantity of earth sufficient to top-dress one English acre of grass land: and as it would require about twenty dollars worth of dung to perform the same operation, the urine of a cow or horse is worth about three dollars per annum, allowing two dollars per acre as the expense of preparing the compost. The advantages of irrigating grass lands with cow urine almost exceed belief. Mr. Hardy, of Glasgow, who keeps a large dairy in that town, by using cow urine, cuts some small fields of grass *six times*; and the average of each cutting is fifteen inches in length." If this is all true, farmers should exert their utmost efforts to economize this substance, and apply it to their crops with great care. It is, undoubtedly, a most energetic and efficient fertilizer, and one which, we are inclined to think, has been allowed to run greatly to waste.—*N. E. Farmer.*

☞ A distinguished writer says that "nothing is best achieved by indirection." The workings of a corkscrew would seem to be a refutation of that plausible theory.

The Cultivation of the Cranberry.

BY Z. BREED, ESQ.

I take the liberty of offering a few suggestions to the readers of the Farmer, upon the cultivation of the cranberry. It is passing strange that so much is said, and so much time and money spent upon the cultivation of fruit in general, and so little said and done upon the cultivation of this most delicious and healthful berry. But few appreciate the worth of this "little sour thing," or we should see every farmer forthwith dedicating a small patch of his farm to its growth. Some object to it because of its exceeding tartness, especially when sugar is so high as at the present time. But let us take courage; the sugar cane will yet be raised by every farmer, and sugar will be manufactured at a cost far less than the present price of sweets. I think the subject of raising cranberries and of the sugar cane will go hand in hand, or ought to, at least.

It may not be generally known how cheaply cranberries can be raised, and how long they can be kept fresh and nice, with but little waste. I venture the assertion that they may be raised at a cost not above good Baldwin apples; yet they bring three times as much. They may be kept in a vessel of water, by changing it now and then, the year round. They should be kept in a cool cellar, and not allowed to freeze. But the point to come at first is, how to raise them, and let the keeping of them be of secondary importance. Having had a little experience in the matter, I venture to write it out. When the farm upon which I now live was purchased by my father, there existed upon it a shallow reservoir, containing about one acre. It was full of eels, pouts, blood-suckers and frogs, and many a spree did the boys have "pouting," from a large rock on one side, and near a "deep hole." Subsequently the water was allowed to run off, and it soon gave signs of vegetation. Sweet flag and willows predominated. In the fall of 1849 I took the liberty of trying an experiment on the old frog pond. Many an incredulous smile played over the faces of my neighbors as they passed by and beheld me plunging about in the mud, tearing up willows and pulling up sweet flag turf. I was then young, and they called it one of my notions. I remember receiving encouragement only of one man—an old gray-headed farmer—he said to me, "Go on; it will be worth more than railroad stock!" I did go on, and spent some $15 in work and fencing, eight years ago this fall, and $50 would not buy the crop I have taken from the vines this year. Last year I had some 8 or 10 bushels; I sold them for $4 per bushel. One year ago last spring I raked over 4 bushels, and got $4,25 per bushel. Two years ago this fall I raked 3 bushels, and sold them for $3 per bushel. Putting the income of the last three years together, the amount will not fall short of $100.

Readers of this article will ask perhaps, can't we go and do likewise? You can, and do even better, provided you begin right. "How is that?" you will ask. Get rid of the grass on any wet soil, either by ploughing deep, or taking off the turf; set your vines, two or three roots in a hill, 3 feet apart each way. If you can get it within half a mile, cover the soil two or three inches deep with sand, leaving the vines sticking through and above it. If you can flow it in winter, do so, and if it will flow over in summer, during heavy rains, so much the better. Let no stagnant water be allowed to stand about the vines. If no sand can be conveniently had, let them take their chance, and they will set well and get the advantage of the grasses, but not so readily as if sand were put on. The variety should be considered, the large round berry being far the best; I would not take the other as a gift.

The best method of getting the roots is to use a common dung-hook. Strike the hook into the roots, pull out a turf; a little way from this take out another; thus you may get your vines, and benefit what you leave by thinning. The bunches of roots taken out in this way will make some 8 or 10 hills each.

Some are trying the experiment of mowing the vines, running them through a hay-cutter, and then sowing them as you would grain, and harrow or rake them in. It is asserted that each joint in the vine will produce a new vine. I am inclined to think this will do on very wet soil, but the other is the more certain method.—*New Hampshire Granite State Farmer.*

BLOODY MURRAIN.—I have lately seen it stated in the papers that this fatal disease had appeared among western cattle, and another writer pronounces the disease incurable. In the absence of proper books setting forth the western diseases of cattle, I have thought it a public service to say something to the readers of the *Farmer* on this subject.

Bloody Murrain—Causes.—Many persons think this disease infectious; no doubt the bloody discharges in a herd of cattle intensify the predisposing causes, but nothing more; and for that reason the diseased animal should at once be removed from its fellows. I believe the disease to be caused by malaria. It generally appears in excessively *wet* pastures, and where cattle have been fed a long time in a short space of surface, fouling the soil.

Symptoms.—Yellowish water infused in the ordinary white coats of the eyeballs, and exhibited in the urine, drooping, and great inactivity, loss of appetite, and especially will the diseased animal stand apart, and become *solitary* for some days before the disease fatally exhibits itself; then follow bloody discharges from the bowels, and sometimes the urinary vessels, as death approaches.

Preventives.—Keep always, in tight troughs, salt sprinkled on ashes, accessible to the cattle. This is almost a *sure preventive*; occasionally, however, as cattle get very fat, remove them to new standing places.

Cure.—As soon as an animal shows any of the above symptoms, remove him at once from the herd; mix common slacked lime as if for whitewash, and give a full grown bullock from three to four pints of it at once: if this does not cure the case is hopeless, so far as my experience goes. The lime acts not only as a powerful purgative, but in some other unknown way, as other purgatives fail to have any efficient result. I need hardly say that the sooner the drench is given after the disease shows itself, the better—as after the bloody discharge from the bowels begins, it is rarely curable.—C. M. CLAY, in *Ohio Farmer.*

☞ In the worst of times there is still more cause to complain of an evil heart, than of an evil and corrupt world.

The Riddle.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 4, 8, 15, 7, is a liquor.
My 5, 21, 23, 31, is a useful and abundant metal.
My 10, 5, 9, 16, 19, 13, 17, is a precious stone.
My 10, 8, 1, 3, 6, is a fruit, brought from Egypt, Syria, Persia, Africa and the Indies.
My 13, 11, 18, 19, 20, 17, 6, is a nut found in most of the southern parts of Europe.
My 14, 5, 29, 25, is a useful and nutritious grain, cultivated in immense quantities in India, China, and most eastern countries; in the West Indies, Central America, and the United States; and in Southern Europe.
My 15, 5, 11, 11, 12, 1, is an emolient grain, originally brought from the eastern countries. It is rarely cultivated among us except as a curiosity.
My 21, 5, 9, 24, 16, 26, is a root cultivated in the East and West Indies, and in America; it is a native of southeastern Asia and the adjacent islands.
My 27, 22, 28, 6, 6, is a factitious metal.
My 29, 2, 9, 11, 21, is a white fossil substance of a friable kind.
My 29, 30, 29, 27, 28, is a nut found in Asia, the Indies, Africa, Arabia, the islands of the southern Pacific, and the hottest parts of America.
My whole was a noted monk, born at Ilchester, in England, in the year 1212. W. D., Jr.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 8, 3, 17, 16, 8, is a town in Maine.
My 17, 13, 15, 6, 9, is a river in Vermont.
My 19, 6, 9, 16, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 18, 12, 2, 11, 3, 7, 4, 5, 11, is a town in Rhode Island.
My 1, 3, 8, 6, is a town in New York.
My 2, 12, 3, 15, 11, 12, 9, is a river in New Jersey.
My 19, 12, 9, 7, 12, 10, 11, 20, 3, is a county and town in Pennsylvania.
My 5, 12, 10, 11, 8, 13, is a town in Maryland.
My 6, 17, 3, 4, is a river in Virginia.
My 9, 5, 3, 16, 20, is a river in North Carolina.
My 12, 15, 4, 15, 16, is a town in South Carolina.
My 8, 7, 17, 16, 5, 20, is a river in Georgia.
My 7, 8, 17, 10, 12, is a river in Alabama.
My 18, 20, 12, 3, 19, is a river in Mississippi.
My 12, 2, 10, 11, 15, 9, is the capital of Texas.
My 7, 10, 15, 10, 16, 8, 13, is a town in Arkansas.
My 3, 9, 12, 13, 20, is a county in Tennessee.
My 18, 12, 3, 15, 10, is a town in Kentucky.
My 1, 15, 18, 14, 17, 16, is a county and town in Indiana.
My 10, 7, 15, 17, 11, 8, is a river in Ohio.
My 3, 13, 15, 10, 15, 16, is a river in Michigan.
My 4, 12, 18, 19, 12, is a town in Illinois.
My 19, 15, 13, 7, 8, 19, 16, is a county in Missouri.
My 19, 5, 20, is a county in Iowa.
My 12, 3, 5, 9, 12, is a town in Wisconsin.
My whole is an important division of the old world and its capital. S. E.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 9, 8, 11, is a body of water.
My 2, 9, 8, 5, means to govern.
My 7, 5, 5, is an industrious insect.
My 9, 12, is the oblique case of the pronoun we.
My 10, 8, 5, 2, is a troublesome insect.
My 11, 8, 5, 5, means to run from danger.
My 7, 6, 9, 5, is a color.
My 4, 9, 8, 1, 3, 2, means common.
My 7, 2, 3, 6, 12, is a metal.
My 11, 8, 9, 5, is a pipe to convey air.
My whole is a height in Caldwell Parish, La.
SILAS NEAL.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When any two engage in play,
To do my first without delay,
Mean try, (the truth I can't gainsay.)

If in the country you should be,
My second there no doubt you see;
(At least it happened so to me.)

You've read full many a pleasing page,
Writ by my third (I will engage,)
He liveth not within this age.

Go search the page of history through,
None greater than my whole you'll view,
But one! (whose name is known to you.)
GAHMEW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Take one-fourth of the debt
That a bankrupt can't pay,
One-sixth of the liquor
That men drink in one day;
One-half of all the good
That a Christian has wrought,
And one-fifth of the money
That a miser has not
Which, all arranged with care,
And placed right together,
Will form a useful article
Sometimes made of leather.
Pittsburg, Pa. L. A. M.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a word of letters four,
No doubt you've seen it oft before;
Erase my first, and then I'll be
A thing that's done by you and me.
Transpose the same, and you will find
A foreign plant of a useful kind.
My whole is used by all around,
A wholesome food it's always found.
Cape Island, N. J. J. P. McGOVERN.

ANAGRAMS ON LAKES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Alpacha.
2. Beamed.
3. Genoa.
4. Last.
5. M'Nell.
6. Pot.
7. Reed.
8. Salve.
9. Thorn.
10. Lute.
11. Re-new.
12. Lived.

GAHMEW.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Six equal circles touch each other externally, and the number of square rods enclosed between the points of contact is equal to the circumference of the circumscribing circle. Required the radii of the circles?
Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When should an inn-keeper visit an iron foundry? Ans.—When he wants a bar made (her maid.)

☞ Why is a man with his eyes shut like an illiterate schoolmaster? Ans.—Because he keeps his pupils in darkness.

☞ If I owed a man five dollars, what liquor would I resemble? Ans.—Eau de vie (owed a V.)

☞ Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a chair-maker? Ans.—Because she got a little *prophet* from the *rushes* on the banks. So is a broker like Pharaoh's daughter, then!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Doctor Elisha Kent Kane. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Saturday Evening Post. ENIGMA.—Western University, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. CHARADE.—Lightning-rod. RIDDLE.—Bread (read, red, bear.) CHARADE.—Viceroy. ANAGRAMS.—Buenos Ayres, Mendoza, Valencia, Guayaquil, Maracaibo, Santiago, Callao, Aspinwall, Paramaribo, Montevideo, Bogota, Quito. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—10 2/14 inches.

☞ A man may be very sincere in good principles without having good practice.